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IS IT PEACE OR WAR FOR IRELAND?

IRELAND,—poor, suffering, agitated, agonising Ireland,—has two fatal foes, the Saxon and the Celt. Ireland,—the millions who dwell in that green isle, the toiling mechanic, the starving peasant, the devoted priest,—this Ireland is dying beneath the blows of her own children and of her sister country. The few have their heel upon the necks of the myriad; one man is the ruthless master of a thousand; a loud, wailing, convulsive cry rises up from the heart of a nation, and there is none to hear and none to save. In the place of the strong, but gentle, loving hand, that might control in mercy, and exert all a father's authority with all a father's tenderness, there is only a ferocious shout for vengeance, or a cold sneer of disdain, or a bitter, mocking insult, or rods, and stripes, and scourges. The stranger looks on in amazement, the friend lifts up his voice in vain remonstrance, and the physician, who should soothe the patient's malady, stimulates him to frenzy with drugs of maddening power.

Such are the thoughts of those who watch the progress of events in Dublin and throughout the country, unprejudiced either in favour of Repeal or against it, loving peace and good-will, and abhorring bloodshed, and detesting the outrageous insults with which a portion of the English press, and a few reckless politicians, seek to goad a whole nation to despair and fury. Such are our thoughts as day by day events go hurrying on; as Government prosecutions, seditious meetings, ferocious speeches, treasonable newspapers, and contemptuous mockings, mingle with the complaints of the starving or storming multitude, and bewilder the anxious mind that longs to behold the land in prosperity and peace. Where or what the end is to be, the most piercing vision cannot yet discern; the complication of interests, and the frightful difficulty of grappling with the true sources of Ireland's miseries, every week appear more glaringly apparent; the errors and the delusions of her best friends, and the insurmountable social

disorganisation which furnishes an excuse for them, even when most vain and wild; the paralysing influences which beset the few, who both know what to do, and would do it in a vigorous, prudent, and Christian spirit;—all these things combine to present a picture to the minds of candid Englishmen more melancholy and appalling than it is often their lot to behold.

That the English nation in general, including the vast body of its electors, who are the real masters of the kingdom, and before whom every party-leader in Parliament, whether Lord or Commoner, must bow,—that the English nation has any clear or determined opinion on the subject of the Repeal of the Union, there is not the shadow of a proof. There is not one respectable man out of twenty who counts himself competent to uphold any positive opinion whatever upon the matter. Whatever notions the majority on this side of the Channel entertain are vague, floating, and not to be relied on for a week's duration. The moment people attempt quietly to think upon the subject, they find themselves bewildered in a host of figures and calculations, or coming across an array of prejudices and personalities, which defy the most patient analysis, and the most calm and sober judgment. The Englishman, we may rely upon it,—the Englishman, *as such*, cares not a rush for the Union, or for its Repeal, except from his strong, natural tendency to Conservatism, which induces him to wish things to continue as they are, till some sharp, cutting home-thrust makes him feel that he is suffering needlessly from the laws under which he finds himself. Of all that is involved in the complicated questions of absenteeism, and tenant-right, and landlordism, and tithes, and the influence of the Catholic Church, and the poor-law, and Irish railways, he knows little more than literally nothing, and he cares for them little more than he knows. The vast majority of the English electors are anti-Repealers for no reason on earth, but because the Union was an accomplished fact when they first knew any thing about politics, and seems to them as much a part of the British constitution as the Queen and the House of Lords themselves. Change, without apparent cause, is abhorrent to the English mind; and as Englishmen go rarely into the heart of Ireland, and personally see nothing of her miseries, they have counted the call for Repeal as a mere reckless, revolutionary cry, worthy, if not of contempt, at best only of condemnation and rebuke.

Added, however, to this dogged adherence to things as they are, which is our unquestionable characteristic, there are other and more disgraceful causes which go to strengthen the popular feelings against Irishmen in this country. Partly from his faults and partly from his virtues, there are certain features in the Irishman's character and his circumstances which

grate harshly against our national prejudices, and run like a knife into our national sensitiveness. First of all, if there is any thing which inspires the industrious Englishman with contempt, it is the sight of poverty and indolence combined. He cannot bear the sight. He turns up his nose at it with ineffable disgust. Poverty he counts a token of rascality, and dirt as worse than the worship of Mahomet. It is enough to blight a man for ever in his esteem, that he does not thrive in this world's goods. Rightly or wrongly, he has this opinion of Ireland, that it is the land of pride and poverty, of laziness and violence. That she constructs few or no canals and railroads, that her tradesmen and merchants are bankrupts, that her peasantry live in hovels, that her gentry scorn the neatness and finish so dear to us in our own land, that her streets swarm with beggars,—all this is set down as so far worse than it deserves, that an Irishman's complaints come before us as the unreasonable demands of one who will not help himself, and who deserves all the wretchedness he endures.

Then, again, the pride of this country is wounded and irritated by the notion, that she is being bullied into acquiescence with Repeal. The man who cares nought for the Union is roused to passion when he is defied to his face, and makes it a point of honour not to yield. We are not entering now upon the question how far England is *guilty* of the miseries of her sister country, we only state the fact, that the fierce denunciations of the Saxon which have rung throughout the land, and the taunts against English tyranny and English wickedness, have converted into violent partisans many a thousand Englishmen, who would otherwise have been prepared for a calm and dispassionate investigation of the subject. The national pride is wounded in its tenderest point; the blood mounts to the temples of John Bull, and his great sturdy face flashes with anger when he is taken by the throat and bade to yield, and he will spend his life's blood rather than give one farthing to the man for whom he would have emptied his purse to the bottom had the demand come as from a friend in need and suffering.

But worse than all, with all the changes that have taken place in the national mind during the last twenty or thirty years, it is vain to deny, that the fact that Ireland is for the most part a Catholic people, prejudices this country most fearfully against her demands. With all the toleration of the Catholic religion, which so gloriously distinguishes this present age from the three centuries which have preceded it, the old bitter leaven yet works in the breasts of multitudes, who believe devoutly that the priesthood are the curse of Ireland, and that the Catholic faith is the source of all her misfortunes and sorrows. An Englishman cannot divest himself of the idea that the religion of the Catholic is a religion of laxity and of slavish obedience to a deceiving clergy. He fancies that the Bishops in Ireland could stay the assassin's bullets with a breath from their lips. He imagines that the poor country curate has but to speak from the altar to convert wastes into blooming gardens, the potato into the wheat field, and the half-naked cottier into the thriving, comfortable peasant. The influence of the confessional is to him a dark, fearful, unaccountable mystery. He counts it either a folly or a terror. The notion that for years and years the fabric of law and order has existed in Ireland, almost solely through the restraining influence of the Catholic clergy, never enters his conception, or, when urged upon him, seems the preposterous invention of a false and hired advocate.

And thus it is that the unprincipled onslaughts of some portion of the London newspaper-press find a measure of temporary acceptance in this country. The cold, reckless taunts of the *Times* are endured or praised only because the prepossessions of Englishmen, and the conduct of many Irishmen, give a colour to the slander. Accursed, indeed, are the writers who thus sow enmity between brethren; who stir up every hateful passion; who malign the ministers of religion; who goad the miserable to madness, and pander to the passions of the powerful; who hide facts, and invent falsehoods, and distort truths, and trifle with the bodies and souls of men, in order to increase the sale of a newspaper, and to call forth the applause of the unthinking and the laughter of the fool. Woe, woe be to those who thus take advantage of the despair, the ignorance, the infirmities, and the sins of their fellow-man, to make a profit from his errors, even though blood and death be the price that is paid!

Apart, however, from the prejudices, passions, and neglects which are involved in the present condition of this mournful question, there are certain other points which weigh most powerfully with those who have given the matter any serious consideration. At the first outset, the theory of a divided legislature seems to strike at the very foundations of social stability and political prosperity. That two nations, speaking one language, presided over by one Sovereign, governed (at least professedly) by the same code of laws, to a certain extent owning obedience to the same religion, subject to political constitutions identically the same, levying war and making peace as one individual people,—that they should choose each its own legislature, and run the risk of those divisions between the two portions of the empire, which all history has shewn to be subversive of national prosperity, is a notion so repugnant to every abstract principle of government, that the judgment recoils at the first sight of such a proposition. If unity of idea, unity of action, practical fraternity, and mutual aid in trouble and misery, be things desirable in the social state, then must a repeal of the Union be tantamount to a disruption of the very bonds of society,—a loss to the most powerful of the divided nations, and a curse to the weaker. Experience tells too fearful a story for her lessons to be disregarded. The inconveniences, the heartburnings, the jealousies, the rivalries, and all that catalogue of miserable feelings which culminate in mistrust, indignation, detestation, and finally in war and bloodshed,—these are the warnings which the annals of man, from the infancy of the race until this hour, present to our eyes, when we would fain read the destinies of two separated kingdoms by the light of other days. That light, alas, is too lurid, too awful, too indicative of conflagrations in which all that was most dear to man was swept away in the flames of insurrections and revolutions, not to scare the speculative reformer who would fain attempt once more to remedy the ills of Ireland by separating her from her sister island.

Yet this view is not the whole of the question. In the abstract it is incontrovertibly and fundamentally true; but it presupposes a certain similarity of disposition between the contracting kingdoms, which makes it possible for them thus to act in legislative concert. Who can stand before a united band of brothers? Yet is it not so, that oftentimes those who are akin in blood are so strangely unlike in personal habits and mind that they can only act together by acting independently? Such, it is said, is the fact with these two kingdoms. We are not pretending to say whether or not

it be so in good deed, but such is the unceasing cry of the Irish people, that they are not *understood* by a Parliament in which, by the mere force of numbers, they are in a small minority. We are not speaking now of those wild and furious demagogues whose hideous joy it is to teach the infant Celtic tongue to curse the Saxon, and who work upon the credulity of an ill-informed people till they come to believe that the Englishman hates the Irishman with an abhorrence worthy almost of devils. Of these men we say nothing; we speak only of that more calm, dispassionate, and religious portion of the Irish people, including many of her prelates and most distinguished laity, who, rightly or wrongly, conceive it *impossible* that an Englishman can legislate for an Irishman, not because he hates him, but because he does not comprehend him. That there is a vast and increasing number who hold this view, it is impossible to deny. Men of the most irreproachable character, devout Christians, loyal subjects, lovers of peace, bishops and nobles, clergy and laity, Catholics and Protestants, they unite only in this one conviction, that the genius of the Irishman's character, and the circumstances of his condition, are so essentially and eternally unlike any thing that comes within the scope of the Englishman's experience, that it is beyond the range of human possibility that an Imperial Parliament should ever do its duty to Ireland and her children.

Whether this be true or not, it is certain that here is an assertion that drives home to the heart of every Irishman, and commends itself at least to the respectful consideration of every reflecting man, of every race and kingdom. That a nation is its own best legislator, no free-born Briton can dream of denying. The people who glory in that self-government which is still the envy of mankind, are not likely to turn a deaf ear to those who demand what they themselves hold so precious. Whatever be the Englishman's faults, he is one of the most *just* of all the sons of Adam. None who know him as he is; none who can penetrate beneath his somewhat harsh and repulsive exterior; not even those who suffer most from his narrowness, his prejudices, or his bigotry, deny him the meed of rigorous justice, when once he can see what justice demands. The poor persecuted Catholic, who has writhed beneath every refinement of legal persecution, yet perceives that his torturers have inflicted all this misery under a mistaken notion of the real nature of the Catholic religion, and his first and last appeal is to the English sense of what is right and just. The Irishman who has lived long enough amongst us to see what we really are, even while his blood boils at the insulting language that he hears against his beloved country, yet is constrained to admit, that this mockery is the effect of the most absurd of misconceptions, and that we mean to be fair and true, even when most bitterly unjust and cruel. The demand, therefore, of a sister nation, when she lifts up her voice for self-government, receives an instant attention from the English sense of justice, if only it be strengthened by an appearance of practicability, and is not accompanied with ferocious taunts and bloodthirsty threatenings. Were Ireland, as one man, really united, to call for the Repeal, not with malignant denunciations of the Saxon and threats of war to the knife, but with the calm, energetic, persevering fervour of men who were capable of forming a prudent and competent domestic legislature, we are convinced that not a twelvemonth would elapse before the whole realm of Britain would unite in applauding and granting the demand.

Here, however, comes in that melancholy and inexplicable question, which scares the sober-minded, prac-

tical Englishman, when he thinks over the subject of the Repeal. Can Ireland govern herself without destroying herself, and without frightful injury to her sister kingdom? Whatever be the past history of her sufferings, is it now the fact that she has within her bosom the materials for sound, permanent, and vigorous legislation in a Dublin Parliament? Can she send forth from her counties and her boroughs a class of men competent to deal with the fearful exigences of her state, to probe her wounds to the bottom, and not only to probe them, but to heal them? Here is the gist of the matter, let us argue the rest of the question as we will. This is the turning point in the decision with every man of sense and honest patriotism. To hand over the millions who throng the cities and villages of Ireland to a race of adventurers, of speechifiers, of demagogues, of republicans, of haters of England, of men of no practical experience, no stake in the country, no fixed religious principles, no knowledge of the commercial and economical laws of the age;—to consign that bleeding kingdom to the tender mercies of such a race of legislators, would be the act of a deadly foe rather than of a friend,—of a traitor rather than a pure-hearted patriot.

And to ascertain how far an Irish Parliament would fall into the hands of such a class of rulers, is the thing that puzzles and confounds the English politician and thinker, when he would apply his shoulder to the wheel, and solve the Irish question at any justifiable cost and sacrifice. We do not mean that people in England imagine an Irish Legislature would be wholly made up of a herd of scoundrels, and of incompetent though well meaning patriots. Unquestionably, it would include many a noble intellect, many a devoted spirit, many an accomplished, intelligent, and persevering judgment. From nobles and commoners, from the shire and the borough, from Catholic and Protestant, would come forth many a man as competent to deal with the terrible facts that surround us, as any United Legislature can ever hope to supply. But still, the doubt incessantly recurs, have the Irish Members of Parliament and of the House of Lords, whether Tory or Reformers, Catholic or Protestant, shewn themselves, *as a body*, more able to legislate practically for their country than the Scotch and English Members of the Imperial Parliament? It is in vain to seek to avoid this searching query; it is the one overwhelming weight which still retards the movements of those who would otherwise rejoice to grant a legislature to Ireland. Justly or unjustly, reasonably or unreasonably, there is a conviction in this country that Ireland would suffer tenfold her present evils, were she consigned to the care of her own Members, and supported only by the resources which she has within her own bosom. Even while admitting that the fault and the guilt lies at the door of England herself, whose persecuting violence and heartless tyranny have forbade the Irish character to rise to its natural elevation, still it is asserted and believed that there is a want of perseverance and steadiness, a want of practical enterprise and self-control, an impetuous, fierce, and self-destructive rashness, clinging to the Irish character, which would plunge the whole nation into the most awful woes, were the guidance of the state consigned solely to its own children.

On the truth or falsehood of this belief we are not about to enter. It is a difficult, delicate, and most exciting and irritating subject, which it is hardly fair to expect an Irishman to discuss with any thing like dispassionate calmness. We shall only put in a word or two in mitigation of the idea, and call attention to the fact, that occasionally there appear in the world such

striking and splendid exceptions to the generally received opinion, that we may well pause before we rest satisfied with the conclusion that those practical defects which we are wont to attribute to Irishmen are an essential portion of their national nature. We need mention only two names to shew that the capacity for practical, calm, persevering government is at times developed in Irishmen in the highest possible degree. Take first the name of Wellesley. The Marquis of Wellesley was confessedly one of the greatest statesmen of modern times. In the vulgar mind, the brilliancy of his fame is somewhat eclipsed by the military renown of his brother, the Duke of Wellington; but in the judgment of every well-informed man, he united all those qualifications which go to make up the perfect legislator, minister, and ruler, to an extent which is attained by scarcely one man in a whole generation. He, then, was an Irishman. And when we turn from the temporal to the spiritual state, where is the prelate who speaks the English tongue, who has displayed such qualities for command, for legislation, for statesmanship, both religious and secular, as Dr. Hughes, the Catholic Bishop of New York? An Irishman, by birth and by education, he has attained by the force and greatness of his character to so extraordinary an influence in the land of his adoption, that men of every creed have united in doing homage to his virtues and his abilities; and while the whole tendency of the European nations has been to thrust out the Clergy from all interference with government, he has been chosen by a democratic Congress to act as Ambassador Extraordinary to a foreign kingdom! Strange influence of character, indeed; and proof sufficient that it is at least not impossible that the green isle nurtures in secret many a spirit which has but to be called forth and duly trained, to rule its fellows with the hand of the wisest of sovereigns and the most tender of fathers.

Could Ireland once bring herself to the fostering a race of men such as this great Bishop, oh, how different would be her destiny; how loud the congratulations and buoyant the satisfaction with which this country would inaugurate the opening of her domestic legislature! But now, alas! what is it that we behold, raging and struggling for power and influence in that agonising kingdom? In place of those efforts at a practical cure of her crying miseries, and in place of that united, calm, but persevering union of all parties in a call for the Repeal, which would go far to convince the minds of Englishmen that it would be safe to grant it, our hearts sicken at the sights we behold, and imagination shudders at the thought of the evils which are threatening to burst upon the devoted race. A few men, of different personal characters and different religious creeds, some upright and pure-hearted, some courageous and patriotic, some cowardly and bloodthirsty, some capable of better things, some capable of every enormity, — these men are so working upon the minds of their countrymen, as to threaten a total disorganisation of the state and all the horrors of a bloody civil war. Uttering the most insane of political theories, such as if applied in other cases would destroy every principle of obedience to law, and cut from every man upon earth his title to the property he possesses; gloating upon the destruction of their fellow-creatures with horrible ferocity; recking little of the giant force which they are rousing to avenge itself upon them for their headlong sedition; trifling and sporting with the lives of millions; they are every day stirring up such flames throughout their unhappy land, as may issue in a conflagration to be quenched only in blood, and throw

back Ireland another century in her struggles for freedom, prosperity, and peace.

With the motives of the violent portion of the Irish Repealers we have nothing to do, as we are not now pretending either to advocate or denounce Repeal, or to justify or condemn the ideas and the prejudices of England. But in the name of God, we would lift up our feeble voice to aid in the prevention of the inconceivable horrors of an Irish insurrection. Little, little do they who join in the warlike preparation of the Clubs and Associations, know the awful end to which they are impelling their poor fellow-countrymen. Little do they dream what it is to see a country given up to warfare between two parties of its sons, one of the two assisted by the vindictive cruelties of a conquering and irritated soldiery. We shudder at the thought of the late Parisian carnage, at the stories of the pavements washed with human gore, of the demoniac frenzies of the women, of the cries and agonies of the wounded and the dying. But let us rest assured that the horrors of the revolt in Paris are as a holiday pastime to what a prolonged contest in Ireland would be. When Irishman came to fight with Irishman, and the British battalions marched with fire and sword throughout their land, the eye of Heaven would look upon a sight which the heart quails to think of. We are aghast at the thought of her streets and towns laid prostrate by the unsparring cannon; her villages in ashes; her corn-fields and gardens trodden under foot by the hoofs of the cavalry, or stripped of their produce for the support of invading bands; thousands and thousands lying stiff in death in their own homes, while their famished children looked in vain for nourishment, and their wives and daughters given over to the lawless passions of a brutal soldiery, cried aloud for death; the houses of God turned into fortresses, and riddled with the shot of the combatants, while the altars are laid waste, the priest driven from his flock, and the service of God destroyed; and when all is over, the remembrance of the past embittering every thought of the heart, and kindling into incurable hatred the children of one common Father in heaven. Where, too, are they who were the victims and the actors in the horrible contest? Who shall say what multitudes are plunged into eternal woes through the passions which are called into life in the progress of a civil war? Where would Ireland's religion be when fire and sword swept through her valleys and over her mountain-tops? Alas, alas! they who know what has been the invariable result of civil contests throughout the whole history of man, tremble at the thought of the consequences to the faith and purity of the sons and daughters of Ireland which must follow if the peace of the kingdom be not preserved.

To every Irishman and every Englishman, then, who has any regard for the bodies and souls of his fellow-creatures, we appeal in behalf of the preservation of order and authority. The question is not now one of Repeal or anti-Repeal; it is not one of England or Ireland, of Catholicism or Protestantism; it is a question of life and death, and, in many cases, we are convinced it is a question of heaven or hell. It is the cause of the poor man, and those dearest to his heart, against the hellhounds of war, plunder, and lust. We call upon every man who has the smallest influence, by law, by connexion, by religious rights, over his fellow-creatures, to strain every nerve to stay the first shedding of blood, and the wild proceedings which are now stimulating the passions of Ireland till she can no longer restrain her hand from insurrection. Be the English

Parliament what it may; be the Ministry of Lord John Russell the most execrable that ever dishonoured the Government of a nation; be the sins and ignorance of the British people a hundred times worse than they are,—a national outbreak would only serve to perpetuate every evil which now preys upon the vitals of Ireland, and plunge her into still lower depths of misery and anarchy. If peace be secured, every disputed question can be raised with far more vigour and probability of a really prosperous issue than before. Could the hierarchy, gentry, and middle classes of Ireland succeed in restraining and terminating the outrageous sedition and fearful animosities which are now rampant in the kingdom, they would do more to prove to the world their right to an independent Legislature, and the wisdom with which they would exercise the privilege when obtained, than by a thousand Repeal meetings, or all the anti-Saxon denunciations which were ever hurled in the face of Great Britain. By all, therefore, that they hold most dear; by their duties to God and to man; as they love their poor fellow-countrymen; as Christians and Catholics; as they would see Ireland escape the horrors of carnage, fire, pillage, anarchy, and the most frightful excesses of brutality and crime, let them forget their wrongs and their woes for a little while, and bend every energy while time remains to preserve their country in forbearance and peace.

DIVERGENCY OF PARTIES IN FRANCE.

MONTALEMBERT AND LAMENNAIS.

If the late insurrection in France had wrought no other benefit, to counterbalance its frightful horrors, it will confer no little aid upon the cause of law and order in bringing out the true and genuine sentiments of the ardent spirits of the time. That men should have shewn themselves in their real colours while the fever of the revolutionary frenzy raged at boiling heat, was utterly impossible. No man knew his own mind sufficiently to utter his thoughts with calm and courageous independence. Fear, hope, dread, sympathy, indignation, and every exciting passion, ruled with so irresistible a force in the minds of Frenchmen, that it was hopeless to look for any indications of the ultimate course which would be pursued by those who were formed by nature to guide and control their fellow-men. An overwhelming burst of passion swallowed up every effort of the judgment and intelligence; and none could divine what they themselves would become, save the heroic clergy, whose duty and whose glory it was to live or to die for the souls of their fellow-countrymen, whether France were a monarchy, a republic, or a military autocracy.

The insurrection of June has now advanced the destinies of the nation to a point when the virtues and the vices of her children will rapidly shew themselves in their true beauty or deformity. We shall see whither France is really tending;—to anarchy or to law, to scepticism or to religion, to Satan or to God. Already the signs and portents are appearing, and every day betrays the folly and the madness of one, and the wisdom and prudent energies of another. We shall watch, with deep and anxious thoughts, the courses that are taken by the influential men of that singular people, among whom it has been so often said that all things are in extremes, whether of what is lovely or what is detestable. Two men, long famous in Europe, have already given tokens of the ultimate tendencies of their views, which serve to open our eyes to the elements about to contend for supremacy in a mortal struggle. In the voices of Lamennais and of Montalembert we recognise the workings of the two antagonist principles which *must* contend for the mastery, until one of the two shall rule with unresisted sway, or until the whole kingdom falls into desolation in the unnatural conflict.

Lamennais has published in his journal the following sentiments on the causes of the late insurrection. We

give them at length, that they may speak for themselves.

“It becomes more and more evident that the insurrection has been no other than one of those terrible massacres organised at all points of Europe by royalty. Left free to agitate, the factions have prepared it some months since, without seeking to disguise themselves. Three pretenders, three plots, or at least two, for, after the revolution, which satisfied the animosities of the elder branch against the younger, the two branches, united by a common interest, joined in a common conspiracy, which we have seen increasing day by day, and developing itself, under the direction of able chiefs, without the powers charged with the destinies of the Republic having thought fit to throw any obstacle in their way. Various have been the means employed: seizing upon business, using all their influence to gain a predominance in the National Assembly, they cause divisions first, and tyrannise afterwards; prolong the financial, industrial, and commercial crisis; augment the already existing misery by the suspension of labour; forcing the people under *les fourches caudines* of hunger, exciting fear, fomenting discontent, and sowing discords. This done, stout arms have been sought for and provided with the means to carry on the *émeute*, or civil war; they have recruited, enlisted, scattering handfuls of gold, in part furnished by strangers, always mixed up with our disasters. Thus has been formed a counter-revolutionary armed force composed of two elements: of men enrolled under chiefs, and well versed in the use of arms; of unfortunate wretches, ready at all times to sell their country, the scum of the population, liberated or escaped convicts, and others. Such was the army of the conspirators; but this army did not suffice to carry out their designs: it should have been crushed at the first movement. Then, what have they done? They have, on one side, irritated the people by scorn and injury, and an evidently bad disposition towards the most pressing interests; they have pushed them to despair by bringing them in immediate connexion with hunger, and that even up to the very moment when the combat commenced; while, on the other hand, attributing to the people the fatal consequences of this crisis, aggravated by themselves, and from which all suffered, they enraged the middle classes against them, alarming them by the dangerous doctrines with which they stated them to be imbued, although, under all circumstances, they have loudly and energetically protested against them.

“Things having been brought to this point, it needed but a spark to fire the train. Whatever was the incident which caused the first break-out, it was purely the work of the factions; and the people, both before and after the combat, led astray by the most infamous and atrocious falsehoods, have been the victims, as they would have been even if the victory had been gained by the conspirators. Their rage, after their defeat, was succeeded by the most inveterate hate; their proscriptions are but the result of vengeance exercised against the men of July and February, at the same time that they hope at least to ward off from themselves the terrible responsibility of this impious, execrable war, of which they alone are the true authors. Carrying their audacity to the extent of presenting themselves as the defenders of order attacked by themselves to its profoundest base,—as the glorious saviours of civilisation, that, masters of France, they may bring back the civilisation of the Nicholas's and Ferdinands, there is nothing more between them and power but an undecided government, established yesterday, shaken already, without any strength, if it seek for other than that of the Republic; if it negotiates instead of acting, if it acquiesces instead of commanding; forasmuch, then, this inert image of a government, and not a government in fact, resembles those statues which, in the latter days of Rome, one did not even give himself the trouble to demolish, but only changed the head each time when, through the fall of the phantom of an emperor, the empire passed to another phantom.”

In the Committee of the National Assembly, M. de Montalembert has expounded his views on that form of democracy which he conceives to be essential to the existence of the Republic. How far they may in the end be responded to by the voice of the nation, it is impossible to speculate; but that they must awaken most serious thoughts in the mind of every Frenchman who knows the genius and character of his fellow-countrymen, we cannot for a moment doubt. As an exposition of the views of a most energetic and powerful party, it deserves to be read with the deepest interest. The name of the illustrious speaker demands for it a most respectful attention. We commend it to our readers without further remark.

M. de Montalembert said, that he felt some hesitation in taking part in a discussion on the present question, fearing that he might be suspected of partiality after having passed the

whole of his political life in an Assembly analogous to that which it was now sought to proscribe. He should resist, for the same reason, the temptation to follow preceding speakers in their appreciation of those moderating Assemblies which had existed in France up to the present time. He should only call to mind the fact, that the Senate under the Empire was not more servile than any of the other constituted bodies of that epoch, and that the Chamber of Peers had rendered most essential services to the cause of liberty under the Restoration, and to that of order under the last régime. But, added he, my conscience obliges me to say, that for myself I discover in this article not only all the Constitution, but the entire future welfare of the Republic. In fact, if you wish that the Republic should disappear in the first storm that may arise, leaving as a recollection of its existence nothing but confusion and ruin, condemn it to the possession of but one sole Chamber. Would you, on the contrary, that the Republic should last, that it should become the definite form of French society, that it should be identified with order and the general prosperity of the country, then give it two Chambers; that is to say, impose a curb upon political power, which has a tendency to become unlimited and to abuse its own strength. Political power, which is something superior even to legislative, executive, or judiciary powers, has an inclination naturally, as has already been practically proved under a constitutional monarchy, to concentrate itself in the popular Assembly. Now, if nothing restrain it, it will provoke reactions, collisions; and opinion, worn-out or rebellious, will throw itself into the arms of the executive power, however limited the part it plays may be in the project of the Constitution. It is not sought to place a counterpoise in an aristocratic Assembly, destined to represent different classes or other interests than in the second Chamber; it is desired only to create a wheelwork as it were for the rational progress of the political machinery—to have two grand functions, public, and independent the one of the other, not as regards their origin, but as respects the exercise of their respective powers. In a democratic Republic, universal suffrage is the source whence all power should spring; but this suffrage can express itself in various ways, and give a different result, according to the era and according to the period for which its representatives are elected. For the rest, it will be easy to define, modify, or examine the distinction between the two Assemblies; at present the most important consideration is, to decide upon having two, from the fear that, without them, we should nullify beforehand all our efforts at a new organisation. The speaker then called to mind the fact, that experience was even more conclusive than theory in favour of two Chambers. No republic, no democracy, either of ancient or modern days, had been able to accomplish any thing great, nor, above all, been able to exist (which is the greatest consideration, and the most difficult of all) without a moderating Assembly by the side of the popular Chamber. Upon this ground the example of the United States is incomparable. At first governed by one Assembly, this great republic promptly acknowledged that her existence and prosperity necessitated the creation of two legislative bodies. Thus, one sees not only the senate of the United States—that we may regard as the fruit of a federal principle, which has no existence in France; but again, and above all, the senates of the thirty republics which compose the confederation. These thirty states, all united as in France, all democratic, and where the least germ of a political patriciate has never appeared, differing amongst themselves by the peculiarities of their several constitutions, but all these constitutions, without one exception, proclaim the necessity of two Assemblies. France cannot, therefore, without inexcusable temerity, quit that path in which all honest and glorious republics have preceded her, and where the true spirit of politics is to be found. M. de Montalembert concluded by a quotation from a report of Boissy d'Anglas to the Convention on presenting the Constitution of 1795, in which that illustrious patriot clearly demonstrated, that it is impossible to establish either a stable constitution or political customs with but one governing Assembly.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

No. VI.—*The Graves and their Diggers.*

AT greater or lesser intervals, then, according to the consistency of the soil, we find rows of horizontal excavations on either side of the streets throughout the Roman Catacombs. The work would have been more regular perhaps, and for this reason more pleasing to the eye, had the excavations been wrought out of the *tufa litoide* instead of the *tufa granolare*, or even had they all been wrought in *tufa granolare* of one uniform texture; but, as we have already seen from our historical sketch of the Catacombs, neither of these plans was really practicable; the former, because of the increased difficulty of working it, so that, where now the

labour of eight or ten might have sufficed, then five-and-twenty or thirty must have been required; the latter, because of the necessity of concealment, which did not admit of the formation of one common cemetery for all, but obliged them to dig and bury in whatever soil they could find nearest at hand. It is true that there were, in some places, deserted quarries of *tufa litoide*, in which, had they chosen to make use of them, they would only have had to excavate the graves, streets being already made to their hands, and that this would have been much less laborious than to excavate both the streets and the graves in any softer material; but here, too, the condition of the early Church forbade her taking advantage of them: the quarries were too public and easy of general access, and their streets too wide and open to admit of their being occupied for Christian purposes with any prospect of security.

Another cause of the want of order and regularity in the arrangement of the graves is to be found in the circumstances under which they were made. I mean, that they were not made by anticipation, but each grave was prepared only as it was wanted. In some cemeteries the soil was so light, that it would have been scarcely safe to open a number of hollow shelves in it, unless they were also ready to fill them at once, and to support them at the outer edge by the tiles or slabs of marble with which the graves were universally closed; and, under all circumstances, it would have been prejudicial to that economy of labour and of space, which was a primary object to the original occupants of the Catacombs. Sometimes, however, especially in the fourth and fifth centuries, the graves were made by anticipation; or, at least, if they were not actually excavated, particular spots were selected, and set apart for the use of this or that individual. It is not an uncommon thing, even in our own days, for persons to choose during their lifetime the spot where they should wish to be buried; nor was it unknown to the Jews of old, for it was "in his own new monument which he had hewed out in a rock" that Joseph of Arimathea laid the body of Jesus; and we learn from many of the inscriptions on the gravestones extracted from the Catacombs, that the same practice was by no means unfrequent among the early Christians. Upwards of a thousand of these gravestones have been arranged in the walls of a long gallery in the Vatican; and again and again we find it recorded upon them, that such and such persons, "*se vivis empserunt (or comparaverunt) sibi locum*," "*elegerunt domum*," &c. e. g. "*Lucia se viva locum sibi emit*," "*Zosimus se bibus sibi locus comparavit*," "*Locus Pergei se bibo fece*," &c. The most numerous instances, however, belong not to single individuals such as these seem to have been, but to husbands and wives, who, in obedience to that feeling so natural to man, that persons who have been very dear to one another in their lives should not be set far asunder in their graves, commonly selected during their lifetime a place where they might both be laid, and paid beforehand for the excavation of their one common grave; or if this had not been done whilst both were alive together, the survivor, when he buried his deceased partner, provided a grave which should be large enough to receive, at some future time, his own body also. "*Thomas cum Agnate se vivo comparaverunt*," is an inscription belonging to the year 430, and it tells us that the wife Agnes having died, the survivor Thomas purchased a double grave for her and for himself; on the other hand, we learn from the following in the Lapidarian Gallery, "*Hic requiescet Samso in bisomum et V(ictoru) se viva uxor ejus*," that upon the death of the husband Samso, his wife Victoria provided a double grave in the same manner. In another inscription, taken from the Catacomb of St. Sebastian, we read of a man who, instead of being laid in the same grave with his wife, had another dug immediately by the side of hers, and whilst he was yet alive, "*Lentianus se vivo juxta uxorem suam fecit*;" and another, from the Catacomb of St. Agnes, tells us of one Exuperantius, a widower, A.D. 408, who "*se vivo, uxori dulcissime, sibi et posterisque suis hoc tumulum fecit*." This last formula (*et posteris suis*) was very com-

* Arringhi, ii. p. 168.

mon in the Columbaria, or other sepulchres of the Pagans, to denote an exclusive right of property in that particular place of burial, preserved to himself and to his descendants, or to his family and freedmen, "*liberis libertabusque suis*;" but I am not aware of more than another instance in which it was inscribed upon the graves of Christians. Indeed, it would have been difficult to construct graves in the Catacombs large enough to be assigned to a family; for it must be remembered, that in all cases where more than one individual was buried, it was done, not by adding to the depth of the grave perpendicularly, and laying one corpse upon the other (a custom which, having been partially introduced in later times, was soon expressly prohibited*), but by increasing the width, or the depth horizontal, that so the bodies might be laid side by side; and who would voluntarily undertake to excavate a grave of any considerable depth in this manner in the wall of a passage not three feet wide? It may help us to form some idea of the labour of such a task, if we observe with what scrupulous care all unnecessary excavation seems to have been avoided: the graves are as shallow as was consistent with their use; only as much soil was removed as was absolutely necessary to receive the body that was to be laid there, making it wide at the head and narrow at the feet, and leaving a sort of cornice at the outside, against which the flat heavy pieces of marble, or the large tiles, with which the grave was to be hermetically sealed, could rest and be secured in their places by very strong cement. When two bodies were to be buried in the same grave, the feet of the one were laid by the head of the other; and if one was much younger and shorter than the other, the grave was made only in exact proportion. A few instances have been found, however, of graves much larger than mere *bisoma* or *trisoma*, as those are called which contain two or three bodies; of *polyandria*, graves in which five, six, or even ten and twelve, bodies had been laid abreast; but the only Catacomb in which I have seen these is that of Ponziano, where the soft, sandy nature of the soil presented fewer obstacles to their construction.

But let us return from this digression to the subject we were speaking of, the right of property enjoyed by the early Christians in particular places of burial. When once a grave was occupied, it was considered both by the Heathen and the Christian world as sacred and inviolable; this alone remained, to the beggar no less than to the king, as property after death; "*de meis facultatibus hoc meum proprium*" was inscribed on an epitaph in the Catacomb of Sta. Priscilla,† and on another, "*de sua omnia possedit domum istam*," and two or three times in Greek, *ἐκ τῶν ἐμῶν τούτο μοι μόνον*. It appears, however, from some of the inscriptions which have been already quoted, that in the Christian Church graves could be appropriated by purchase even before they were occupied: sometimes the inscriptions specify from whom the purchase was made, e. g. "*Ursicinus et Quintiliana se bibi comparaverunt locu a Montano*;"‡ sometimes also (indeed most frequently) the title is appended to the name, e. g. "*Locus Benenati et Gaudiosi comparae se vivi comparaverunt ab Anastasio et Anthiocho FS.*" "*Fit Soteris se viva et marito suo vernacolo compari suo emit a Celerino FOS.*" "*Emptum locum a Bartemistum visomum hoc est et pretium datum a fossori Hilario.*" Here, then, we have distinctly specified, not only the fact of a purchase, and the name of the purchaser, but also the name and title of the person who had the privilege of sale; "the price was paid to the fossor Hilarius;" and the same inscription presently adds, that the bargain was concluded "in the presence of the fossors Severus and Lawrence." Who, then, were these fossors, who had the management of these subterranean chambers, and what was the nature of their office?

St. Jerome, or rather the author of a work falsely attributed to that doctor, says that they were the first or lowest order of clerics, who, after the example of the good Tobias, devoted themselves to the burial of the dead. I believe this is the only ancient authority by

whom they are ranked among the number of ecclesiastics; and Padre Marchi considers it more probable that they were only a religious confraternity, devoted, like so many others in the present day, to the fulfilment of one special duty in the service of the Church. But, however this may be, it is clear that they were a distinct class of people, charged with the performance of definite functions, and in the enjoyment of special privileges; and it is certain also that, at least as long as persecution lasted against the Church, their duties were a literal repetition of the work of Tobias, of whom it is written, that "he hid the dead by day and buried them by night." This was their perilous duty, day after day, night after night, during their whole lives; and besides this, they had to dig the graves and to build the churches, if we may be allowed to use such a word concerning that which was a mere work of excavation, and not of construction. It was not without good reason, therefore, that they occupied such a prominent position in the records of the Christian Catacombs; for in truth they were among the noblest heroes of whom the Church could boast; and moreover, the very asylum in which alone the Church could find protection, was the product of their unceasing labours. Hence there have been found more than once in this subterranean world pictures of some individual of the class, surrounded with all the implements of his craft. Unfortunately these paintings were discovered in parts of the Catacombs to which at present we have no means of access; accurate copies of them, however, have been preserved by Bosio, Boldetti, Bottari, and others, from which we may form a pretty correct idea of their mode of life and occupation. In one instance he is represented only with a spade; in another, with a pickaxe; in another, we see two or three figures standing together, with implements of excavation at their side, and with a lamp suspended from some stick or iron rod that is fastened into the wall, and another lamp suspended from a similar rod, but the rod still held in the hand, so that we see the little hook, projecting on one side towards the upper end, whereby it was to be secured in the soil, just as the excavators at the present day sharpen short pieces of hollow reed and drive them into the wall to serve as candlesticks. In a fourth picture, containing more perfect details than any, we see a fossor (Diogenes) holding a lamp in his hand and a pickaxe over his shoulder, with two or three other tools for cutting and excavating, and a pair of compasses for measuring, lying on the ground, and the whole placed in the midst of a chamber full of graves. Moreover, his dress is marked in two or three places, on the shoulder and in the skirt, with the sign of the cross, but in a somewhat disguised form, i. e. in the shape of the Hebrew *Tau*; that figure wherewith the Lord bid the prophet Ezekiel "mark the foreheads of all those inhabitants of Jerusalem who sighed and mourned for the abominations that were committed in the midst thereof."* In other respects, his dress is plain and simple, such as might have been worn by the poorest class of Romans; and it is probable that to this class the fossors really belonged; for the occupation of the *arenarii*, or sand-diggers, was accounted so low and degrading (far beneath that of ordinary labourers, tillers of the ground, or mechanics,) as to have been sometimes used even as penal; e. g. in the time of Diocletian, when the Christian soldiers were collected out of all the legions scattered throughout the whole Roman empire, and condemned to this labour under the surveillance of a military guard, for the construction of the extensive Thermæ, which are still known by the name of that emperor. The Church, however, then as ever, reversing the judgment of the world, "put more abundant honour upon those members of the body"† whom the world esteemed to be "less honourable;" the *arenarii*, whose social and political condition was so despicable, became Christian *fossores*, called to the unceasing exercise of one of the corporal works of mercy, with the continual prospect of a glorious crown of martyrdom. But since no man "serveth as a soldier at any time at his own charges,"‡ the maintenance of these most zealous champions, as well as of

* Cone. Antissiodor. can. xv. "Non licet mortuum super mortuum mitti." See Baronius ad Ann. 1004.

† Arringhi, ii. 320.

‡ Ib. ii. 139.

* Ezek. ix. 4.

† 1 Cor. xii. 23.

‡ 1 Cor. ix. 7.

their wives and families, must have devolved upon the whole Christian community; a burden which they could well have borne as long as "they that believed had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and divided them to all, according as every one had need;" and again, during all the years of persecution, when so many of the Gentile converts gave their substance to the poor and to the Church, lest it should fall into the hands of the Pagans, to whom half, or even the whole, of it had been promised as the reward of information. Even during these times, however, we may be sure that those who had retained any property of their own did not neglect to bury their dead; St. Paul says,* "If any of the faithful have widows, let him minister to them, and let not the Church be charged; that there may be sufficient for them that are widows indeed;" and the same rule would naturally be observed about the interment of the dead. An inscription, extracted from the cemetery of Ponziano, and found by Boldetti in the wall of the adjoining vineyard, testified concerning a husband, that he had buried his wife *ἐκ τῶν ἰδίων*; and even where this is not specified, I think we may generally conclude that those who wrote the inscriptions which we find upon the gravestones provided also for the burial; such as husbands for their wives, and parents for their children, or *vice versa*, and brothers for one another; or, in the following, which may be seen in the portico of S. Maria in Trastevere, a teacher for his beloved pupil, "*Ispirito santo bono Florentio, qui vixit annis XIII. Coritus Magi(s)ter, qui plus amavit quam si filium suum*;"† and in another, discovered by Arringhi in the cemetery of St. Agnes, a servant for her master, Gordianus, *Gallie nuncius*, who, with all his family (so says the inscription itself), had been martyred for the faith. This last example might not unreasonably suggest a doubt as to the validity of our conjecture; and however probable it may appear, yet certainly we can hardly venture to affirm that the relations or friends of the deceased never placed an inscription when the burial had been at the expense of the Church. Be this as it may, we have already seen, from the numerous instances of individuals providing graves for themselves or for their relatives during their lifetime, that it was by no means uncommon for each man to pay for the burial of his own; and although none of these have an express date earlier than the fourth century—and it may be doubted whether such direct and anticipatory purchases had really been made before that time—yet I think it is impossible to gainsay these general assertions: the first, that the Church took upon herself the task of burying her dead; the second, that wealthy individuals did what they could to relieve her of that burden, at least in their own regard.

Some inscriptions that have come down to us contain a notice of the price that was paid for a grave, purchased in this way by anticipation; for instance, that which has been already referred to, the contract between Bartomistus and the fossor Hilary, made in the presence of Severus and Lawrence; but as there is some difficulty in interpreting the figures, and still more in deciding the value of the coin that is named (*folles*), the evidence which it affords is not very distinct. A second inscription speaks more intelligibly, and gives us two golden *solidi* as the price of a bisomum; but of this stone we do not know the date. A third inscription, therefore, in which both the sum and the date are named together, is far more important than either; and from this we learn that in the year A.D. 426 a golden *solidus* and a half was paid for a bisomum—a sum which P. Marchi has shewn to have been equivalent at that time to four scudi and twenty bajocchi in Roman money, that is, to eighteen shillings and threepence of our own coin. If we add to this sum, already large, the expense of carrying the body to its last resting-place, the cloth in which the body was to be wrapped, and the tiles or marble with which the grave was to be closed (none of which can be reasonably supposed to be included), some may be tempted to inquire how it was possible that such a mode of burial could have been in general, nay, in universal, use during the days of

the Church's poverty and distress; but to this we can only answer, that Christian charity is stronger than worldly prudence and economy, self-devotion stronger than self-interest. Indeed, from the very first, the Church's intention seems only to have been, to imitate as closely as possible the pattern of the burial of her Lord. As each member of her flock, whether rich or poor, departed this life, she "took the body and wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in a new sepulchre, wherein never yet any man had been laid," and closed the door of the monument with a great stone; and since the body of Christ was bound in linen cloths, with "a mixture of myrrh and aloes," sweet spices and ointments, and since He had Himself acknowledged the anointing with the ointment of precious spikenard, in the house of Simon the leper, as something that had been "done for his burial," the Church did not hesitate to adopt this also among her other practices for the dead. All this may be learnt even from the Catacombs themselves; and the testimony of ecclesiastical history places it beyond a doubt. The new graves, and the stones by which they were closed, remain to speak for themselves: in many of the graves, where the bodies had, for some reason, been encased in lime before they were buried (probably because, in the fury of some persecution, they could not with safety be carried to the Catacombs at once immediately after death), minute fragments, or mere fibres, of the cloths may yet be seen adhering to the lime; or, more frequently, the impress of the texture of the linen may be traced upon the surface of the broken fragments; and Dionysius of Alexandria, writing concerning the burial of Christians during a time of plague,* when assuredly they were not likely to add to the usual pomp and circumstance of the funeral rites, speaks of "washing the dead body, of laying it out with decency, and wrapping it in the funeral sheet." Lastly, Boldetti assures us, that on the opening of several graves a sweet perfume, as of spices and ointments, was distinctly sensible; to which Mabillon† adds, that there have been not unfrequently found inside the graves small earthenware vessels, full of coals, which could only have been used for the burning of incense, and other vessels, which seem to have contained sweet spices and odours; and when the Heathen objector in Minucius Felix‡ upbraids the Christians because they did not crown their heads with flowers, nor adorn the body with ointments, he adds, that they reserved all these things for the grave; and Tertullian§ confidently asserts that the Christians procured more, and more precious, incense from the East to be used in the burial of their dead, than the Heathen did in the worship of their gods.||

Another less simple kind of grave was sometimes used, not only in the chapels and other regular chambers of the Catacombs, but also in the walls of some of the long roads or galleries. These arched monuments, or *arcisolia*, as they were called (the name of the ordinary grave being merely *locus* or *cupella*), were reserved for special purposes, sometimes as the burial-place of a martyr, sometimes for some rich family, who had dug it at their own expense for their own exclusive use. They are hewn out of the living rock in the shape of an altar, and vaulted by an arch not exceeding three feet in height: the surface of these altar-like tombs was excavated for the reception of two or more bodies, according to its width, and they were covered by a single stone slab, resting on a ledge prepared for the purpose.

Sometimes also separate cells (*cubicula*,¶ or bed-chambers) were designed for the burial of the dead, either for the public use of the Church, or as the property of some private family. P. Marchi says, that there was no instance of chambers of the latter kind before the year 336, nor is it likely that they had been

* Euseb. Hist. Eccl. vii. 17.

† De Cultu SS. Ignor. p. 17.

‡ In fin. Apolog. i. 42. His words are remarkable: "Thura plane non emimus? Si Arabie quaruntur, sciant Sabaei pluris et charioris suas merces Christianis sepeliendis profigari quam Diis fumigandis."

§ See also Baron. Annal. ad A.D. 236; and Mabillon in lib. cit. p. 94.

¶ "Cubiculum Domitiani" was found on a marble fragment in the cemetery of St. Agnes. Arringhi, li. 171. Domitian was probably the name of some martyr buried in this cell, or of the head of the family for whom the cell had been excavated. Elsewhere we find a virgin martyr giving her name to a cubiculum, or perhaps a whole catacomb; "in cemeterio Balbine." Arringhi, i. 479.

* 1 Tim. v. 16.

† Marangoni delle Cose Gentilesche trasportate ad Uso della Chiesa, p. 455, ed. Roma, 1744.

used by the Church generally at any very early period; for interment in them possessed no conceivable advantages over the common graves in the sides of all the streets, whilst the labour of excavation was almost indefinitely increased. They might have served, however, for the dwelling-places of the Popes or other Christians who, in those early days, were obliged to seek concealment in the Catacombs; and it is very possible that some of them may have been made expressly with this intention, and that they were afterwards used as places of burial only from motives of economy; at least, I do not see any other places better suited for the purpose, since the streets are too narrow, and they would have been unwilling to make any common use of the chambers consecrated to public worship. N.

NARRATIVE OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING THE DEATH OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

THE narrative, of which the following is a translation, has just been issued by the Capitular Vicars-General of Paris, as an authentic account of the death of the illustrious Archbishop who has just given his life in the cause of his country. It was written by one who was an eye-witness of the scenes, and a devoted friend of the deceased prelate.

The Archbishop having gone on Friday morning to the Quartier of St. Etienne-du-Mont, to administer the sacrament of confirmation to some young children, found himself in the heart of the insurrection, which prevented him from returning to his usual residence in the Isle of Saint Louis for nearly two days; but at last on Saturday evening the 24th of June, he returned home. Suffering severely from the continuance of this bloody struggle, he implored God to put an end to it, and resolved to make a final effort to reach the insurgents and prevail upon them to lay down their arms. He hoped that though they had repulsed all the attempts which had been previously made, they would not resist the voice of Religion, whose minister he was, or the sight of the Cross for which the people of Paris have always shewn so much reverence. He did not conceal from himself the dangers of his enterprise, either that of being struck by a ball, or kept prisoner by the insurgents; but calmly calculated these different chances, and said with touching simplicity, "My life is worth but little." His greatest anxiety was the difficulty of reaching the barricades; that is to say, of obtaining a passage through the space which separated the ranks of the insurgents from those of the defenders of order; but thinking that the chief of the executive power would not refuse to facilitate his passage, he went on foot, accompanied by two of his Vicars-General, the only ones whom the insurrection had not forcibly separated from him, and who implored permission to follow him on this noble mission, to General Cavaignac, at the hotel of the presidency, at four o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday the 25th. His passage through the streets and quays of the great city (scarcely recognisable as they were, having been transformed into a military encampment) was attended by a thousand benedictions, a thousand scenes of touching tenderness. The whole of the people divined his purpose with the sagacity which has always characterised them, and saw that with him passed a gauge of peace, a symbol of hope. Mothers with their children rushed across the thresholds of their doors and threw themselves at his feet. Without previous orders the drums beat, the officers and soldiers paid him military honours, and from the numerous ranks arose the cries of *Vive la Religion! Vive la République! Vive l'Archevêque de Paris.*

General Cavaignac did not limit himself simply to acquiescing with the wish of the Archbishop, but blessed him for the thought, and expressed with deep feeling his hope that this devoted and religious act would be crowned with success. The Archbishop, though, as his friends well knew, he had been indisposed for several months past, and was then exhausted with fatigue, took scarcely a moment's rest before setting out for the Bastille. In the streets through which he had to pass, and which had suffered so much, the roar of musketry and cannon which thundered in our ears seemed, while it added to the horror of their situation, to increase the marks of veneration and gratitude which were paid him. Young officers, Gardes Mobiles, young heroes black with powder, who returned next moment to the fight, ran before us, pressing his hands, some exclaiming that it was he who had confirmed them, and conjuring him not to expose himself any longer. "Bless our muskets," cried others, "and we shall be invincible." Women, with sweet simplicity, brought him lint and linen, saying, that as he was going amongst the wounded and the dying he would do well to take them. "Doubtless," said he, "in my passage through the hospitals, I shall see our poor wounded; but I hasten to reach

the barricades, to stay the combat, and prevent its having any new victims." As we advanced into the ranks of the army, and arrived at the place of combat, the officers, moved even to tears, besought the Archbishop to go no further in so perilous and probably useless an enterprise, and informed him of the deaths of General Négrier, of General Bréa and his aide-de-camp, of many members of the Assembly, and of the other frightful catastrophes which would that we could bury in oblivion! He replied with a calm and benignant smile, that while there remained the least shadow of hope, he would endeavour to stop the bloodshed; and advanced with his Grand-vicars into the hospitals, blessing and giving absolution to the dying, at the same time uttering words of tenderness and piety to each of the wounded. Having reached the officer who commanded the attack, he made known to him the permission accorded to his attempt by General Cavaignac, and asked him to suspend his fire for a moment, adding, "I and my priests alone will advance towards this deluded people, as I hope that they will recognise my violet cassock and the cross which I wear on my breast." This request having been granted, and, notwithstanding the danger of their situation, orders given to stop firing, many National Guards implored the Archbishop to let them follow, and, if necessary, die with him; this he refused, and would only allow a brave *ouvrier* to march before him with a palm-branch, which he had chosen as a sign of his pacific intentions; but, notwithstanding this refusal, some others, unperceived by him, followed his steps at a short distance.

The plan succeeded beyond our hopes; the barricade ceased its fire, and its defenders seemed to shew a less hostile disposition. At this good news the Archbishop crossed the Place de la Bastille, ran with his Grand-vicars towards the entrance of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and in a moment found himself in the middle of the insurgents of the place, amongst whom were several soldiers, who, no doubt, had fraternised with them. But in a moment the conflict burst out afresh: the cry, "To arms! to our barricades!" resounded; a musket was discharged, we believe accidentally, and the terrific struggle was again carried on with energy. The Archbishop had crossed the barricade, and entered the faubourg, by passing through a house which had two entrances, and was endeavouring to appease, by voice and gesture, the multitude, who were applauding, and seemed to wish to hear him, when a ball struck him in the reins. "I am wounded, my friend," said he, to the *ouvrier*, who carried the palm-branch, and fell. The insurgents hastened round him, raised him in their arms, and carried him by the narrow streets, with which they were acquainted, to the house of the *curé* of Saint Antoine, the greater part of them manifesting their veneration and love, by repeating, "What a frightful misfortune! our good father, our good pastor, who came to save us, is wounded." In this short transit, a faithful servant, who had succeeded in following his master, was struck by a ball; the wound inflicted was, however, comparatively slight.

Of the two Grand-vicars, who were both separated from their Archbishop by the confusion of the moment, the one wandered the greater part of the night without being able to get near the Prelate, and did not rejoin him till the morning; the other, left at the foot of the Column of July, stayed there some time, exposed to the fire of the barricade, and then crossing the Place de la Bastille, in the midst of a shower of balls, which, however, only struck his hat, was soon informed of the Archbishop's wound and the place of his retreat; and having been able to obtain a free passage through some of the houses of the faubourg, found the venerable Prelate in the parsonage of Saint Antoine, attended with the most affectionate and devoted solicitude. He was lying on a mattress placed upon the ground, like those of the wounded whom he had just visited. Peace and serenity sat on his countenance. His Grand-vicar, who had but just been informed of the danger of his wound, threw himself on his knees beside him, kissing his hands, and saying to him the words so often repeated during the preceding hours, *Bonus Pastor animam suam dat pro ovibus suis*—"The good Shepherd gives his life for his sheep." The Archbishop immediately said to him, "God be praised, you are not wounded. I am happy to have you near me; both you and the good priests who surround me; I shall not want for spiritual helps." At first our grief was not so poignant, and did not announce to the wounded man the extreme danger he was in; yet the physicians, without being hopeless, feared that he would not pass through the night, and it became necessary to let him know the truth, a melancholy office, which, however, was rendered easy by the pious Pontiff. As soon as he found himself alone with his Grand-vicar, he said, "You have to perform the duty of a faithful friend; you must make my state known to me; is my wound dangerous?" "Yes, your Grace, very dangerous; but we are not altogether without hope, and we will not cease to pray for you." "It is most probable that I shall die; is it not?" "Yes, my lord, humanly speaking, it is most probable." He reflected for a moment, without losing any of his

tranquillity, and then, raising his eyes to heaven, "My God, I offer you my life; accept it, as an expiation of my sins, and as a means of stopping bloodshed; my life is worth but little, but take it. I should die content if I could hope for the end of this horrible civil war, if my sacrifice would terminate its miseries." He frequently repeated, "My God, my God, into thy hands I commend my spirit. *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.* I have displeased thee; I have not sufficiently loved thee. Have pity on me, according to thy great mercy." He emphasised the word mercy, and continued, "Even the sufferings which thou sendest me are a manifestation of mercy, since they aid me to purify my soul, and to repent." Then his thoughts reverting to his dear flock, so lamentably stricken, "Tell them," said he, "tell the *ouvriers*, that I implore them to lay down their arms, to cease this frightful struggle, to submit themselves to the powers that be; the Government will surely not abandon them. If they cannot procure them work at Paris, they will elsewhere; tell them that it will be for their own good if they make up their minds to depart."

It being remarked to him that the fire had ceased soon after his appearance at the barricade, and that there was some hope that it would not be resumed on the following day, he seemed to derive great comfort in spite of the dreadful character of his wound. An uneasiness seemed to interrupt the serenity of his mind and the beauty of his devotion, which, when he communicated it with great grief to the intimate confidant of his thoughts, arose from the fear that his heroic action would be too much exalted by men. "After my death," said he, sighing, "they will give me praises which I little merit." Christian minds will appreciate this heroism of his humility, almost equal to the heroism of his charity. Calling on the name of Mary, whom he addressed as his Mother, he recited alternately the "*Sub tuum præsidium*," the prayer of St. Bernard, "*Souvenez-vous, ô très-pieuse Vierge Marie,*" and these words, "Pray for us poor sinners, now and at the hour of our death." He invoked the angels and saints, more especially St. Denis, his patron and that of the Church of Paris, who had first shed his blood for his Church.

He shortly after requested his Grand-vicar to receive his confession, and about midnight asked for the viaticum. Whilst the preparations for this pious ceremony were being made, he complained that his grief had become more lively than ever, and hindered him from sufficiently preparing for the communion of which he was about to partake. "Help me," said he, "speak to me of the Holy Sacrament," and he entered in the most composed manner into the thoughts of faith and piety which were suggested to him.

His private secretary, informed by a devoted priest who, regardless of the danger, had traversed the space which separated us from the palace, now arrived with a second servant; and the Curé of Sainte Marguerite had also promptly attended on being made aware of the sad event. The good prelate, who was perfectly conscious, addressed to all of them kind and benign words, blessed his domestics, especially that faithful servant who was wounded beside him, and whose mattress was laid by his side that he might again kiss his hands; while all sobbed aloud at hearing him ask their pardon for any impatience with which he had ever treated them.

Meanwhile all was ready for his reception of the last sacrament. The prayers having commenced, he replied with calmness amidst the emotion of the surrounding priests, and having received Extreme Unction, he renewed with fervour his profession of faith, especially his belief in the real presence of our Saviour Jesus Christ in the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist which he had just received; and the priest having said that Jesus Christ, who had suffered death for the safety of the world, had visited his soul to be its consolation, and to help him to suffer and die for the safety of his flock, he evinced great pleasure at the thought, and received, with a holy emotion, the Viaticum of the dying. Although the rest of the night was accompanied by severe sufferings, the complaints which were wrung from him were accompanied by new manifestations of piety. "O God, how much I suffer! *non est dolor sicut dolor meus.* I offer to you my sufferings; not my will but thine be done. I love thee, O Lord; thou art my father, the best and tenderest of fathers." Then again returning to his dear flock: "O God, if I suffer, I have deserved it; but thy people, thy poor people, have mercy upon them; *parce, Domine, parce populo tuo, ne in æternum irascaris nobis.*"

Next morning, Dr. Cayol, his physician and friend, together with the Grand-vicar who had been violently separated from him the evening before, rejoined him, and attempted to find means of transporting the august patient to the palace, but the barricades rendered this project almost impossible. The insurgents, who had silently watched all night round the asylum which had received their good pastor, came with anxiety to inquire for news respecting his condition; and on learning the sad reality, men, women, and children evinced the most lively emotion, and shed many tears. They were

also informed by the Grand-vicar and the Curé of St. Antoine of the touching words by which the good prelate had entreated them to lay down their arms, and to profit by the delay which was granted them to make their submission; and especially repeated the ardent wish of the dying pontiff, that his might be the last blood shed. They bowed their heads with poignant grief, and we doubt not that the impression produced in that immense faubourg by this instance of devotion has contributed much to lessen the resistance, and hasten the general pacification. Towards one o'clock, as soon as the road was opened, the Archbishop was placed on a roughly-made litter, and workmen, soldiers, National Guards, united by their common grief and love, only disputed for the honour of carrying this precious burden. A hastily formed procession of the soldiers and officers of different corps marched with the priests, physicians, and servants of the prelate, and were received on their passage by a long line of people, full of respect, grief, and admiration, and by the troops and National Guards, who, animated by the same sentiments, paid the cortège military honours, and threw themselves on their knees making the sign of the cross as before the relics of a martyr. Priests from all parts of Paris received him at the palace bathed in tears, but yet proud at the holy glory acquired by their pontiff; and, indeed, all Paris partook of this double sentiment, and in the midst of the greatest misfortunes this one seemed to surpass the rest. Even while his sufferings were at their greatest height, the peace, the serenity, and piety of the Archbishop were the same. He blessed the soldiers of his escort, who had fallen on their knees around his bed, and told the Grand-vicars, the members of his chapter, his clergy, and seminaries, calling them all to his side, that it was not for his cure that they should pray, but that his death might be holy. He fervently kissed, with piety, a crucifix which they presented him, and related to them that it was the Sovereign Pontiff who had sent it him as a proof of his paternal tenderness, and who had attached to it the power of granting indulgences at the hour of death.

The most illustrious physicians and surgeons of the capital were consulted in vain; all hope had fled. His agony commenced at about noon on Tuesday, and from that time to his death, at half-past four, the prayers for the recommendation of his soul were recited through their sobs by a large number of priests, National Guards, and men of all ranks. When the holy Archbishop had breathed his last, one of his Grand-vicars having related to the priests present, who were all bathed in tears, some of the most touching words of this martyr of charity, they all stretched their hands over his body, and swore, after his example, to consecrate their lives, to the last drop of their blood, to the glory of God and the safety of their brethren.

This oath all the clergy of Paris and France repeat and will maintain.

TESTAMENTARY PREFACE

TO THE MEMOIRS OF M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

Paris, 1st December, 1833.

As it is impossible for me to foresee the moment of my end, and as at my age the days granted to man are only days of grace, or rather of rigour, I am about, in the fear of being overtaken by death, to explain myself on a work intended to wile away the ennui of those last and lonesome hours which we neither wish for, nor know how to employ.

The memoirs, at the commencement of which this preface will be read, embrace, or will embrace, the entire course of my life: they were commenced in the year 1811, and continued up to the present time. I narrate in what has been already completed, and shall still further recount in that which is as yet but just sketched out, my childhood, education, and youth; my entrance into the army, my arrival at Paris, my presentation to Louis XVI., the first scenes of the Revolution, my voyages to America, my return to Europe, my emigration to Germany and England, my return to France under the Consulate, my occupations and works under the Empire, my visit to Jerusalem, my pursuits and writings under the Restoration, and, finally, the complete history of that Restoration and its overthrow.

I have come in contact with almost all the men who in my time have played a part in the world's history, more or less important, both at home and abroad; from Washington to Napoleon, from Louis XVIII. to Alexander, from Pius VII. to Gregory XVI., from Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Londonderry, Capo d'Istria, to Malesherbes and Mirabeau; from Nelson, Bolivar, Mehemet, pacha of Egypt, to Suffren, Bougainville, La Peyrouse, and Moreau. I was one of a triumvirate which is without parallel. Three poets of antagonistic interests and different nations were about the same time ministers of foreign affairs,—myself in France, Canning in England, and Martinez de la Rosa in Spain. I have passed successively through the uneventful years of my youth, the busy years of the republican era, the magnificence of Napoleon, and the reign of legitimacy. I have traversed the oceans of the old

and new worlds, and trod the soil of the four quarters of the globe. After encamping under the hut of the Iroquois and the tent of the Arab, in the wigwam of the Huron, and amongst the ruins of Athens, of Jerusalem, of Memphis, of Carthage, and of Grenada, in Greece, Turkey, and the Morea; after wearing the bearskin of the savage and the caftan of the Mamlouk; after suffering poverty, hunger, thirst, and exile, I, a minister and ambassador embroidered with gold, and covered with gems and orders, have sat at the table of kings and at the fêtes of princes and princesses, only again to fall into indigence, and suffer incarceration in a gaol.

I have been on terms of intimacy with crowds of men distinguished in arms, in religion, politics, jurisprudence, science, and art; I possess materials in the greatest abundance; more than four thousand private letters, the diplomatic correspondence of my different embassies; those of my ministry of foreign affairs, amongst which are some particularly addressed to myself, which have never been made public. I have shouldered the musket of the soldier, carried the stick of the traveller, and the staff of the pilgrim: as a navigator, my destiny has been as inconstant as my sail; like a kingfisher, I have made my nest upon the waves. I have been mixed up with peace and war; I have signed treaties and protocols; and have published a vast number of works. I have been initiated into the secrets of party, both of court and government; I have seen around me the victims of misery, the most favoured by fortune, and the most renowned by fame. I have assisted at sieges, congresses, conclaves; at the restoration and destruction of thrones. I have formed a part of history, and am able to write it; while my life, solitary, thoughtful, and poetic, has strolled through this world of realities, catastrophes, tumults, and confusion, with the children of my songs, Chactas, René, Eudore, Aben-Hamet, and with the daughters of my imagination, Atala, Amélie, Blanca, Velleda, Cymodocée; both during, and beyond my generation, I have exercised, without perhaps wishing or seeking it, a triple influence—religious, political, and literary. I have now around me but four or five cotemporaries of long-standing renown; Alfieri, Canova, and Monti have disappeared. Of those brilliant days Italy but preserves Pindemonte and Manzoni; Pellico has passed his prime in the dungeons of Spielberg; the genius of the countrymen of Dante has been condemned to silence, or forced to languish in a foreign land. Byron and Canning both died young; Scott has left us. Goethe has departed laden with glory and with years. France has scarcely any of her last and golden age left,—she is beginning a new era. I alone am left to write my era, like the old priest who, in the sacking of Béziers, had to toll the bell before falling himself, when the last citizen would have expired.

When death shall lower the curtain between me and the world, it will find that my drama is divided into three acts. From my youth till 1800 I was a soldier and traveller; from 1800 to 1814, under the Consulate and Empire, my life was that of a man of letters; and from the Restoration until now, it has been that of a politician.

In each of my three successive careers, I proposed to myself a great task: as a traveller, I attempted the discovery of the polar world; as author, I tried to re-establish religion on its ruins; as statesman, I endeavoured to give the people the true system of representative monarchy, with the liberties attached to it, and I have at least been successful in aiding to conquer for them what is of equal value, and might be substituted for them, and take the place of any constitution—I mean, the Liberty of the Press. If I have often miscarried in my enterprises, it is because failure is my destiny. Others who have succeeded in their designs were favoured by fortune, they had powerful friends and an undisturbed country to assist them; I have not had this happiness.

Of all the French authors of these times I am almost the only one whose life bears any affinity to his works; by turns traveller, soldier, poet, politician, it is whilst in forests that I have sung of woods, in ships that I have painted the sea, in the camp that I have spoken of arms, in exile that I have learnt the want of a country's love; in court, in public life, in drawing-rooms that I have studied princes, politics, laws, and history. The orators of Greece and Rome were mixed up and took part in the affairs of Government. In the Italy and Spain of the end of the middle ages and of its regeneration the first geniuses of literature and art took part in the social movement. What stormy and noble lives were those of Dante, Tasso, Camoens, Ercilla, and Cervantes! In France, our poets and historians of old sang and wrote in the midst of pilgrimages and combats: Thibaut, Comte de Champagne, Willehardouin, Joinville, derive the felicity of their style from the adventurous character of their lives; Froissart sought for history in the world, and learnt it from chevaliers and abbés with whom he associated; but from the reign of Francis I. our authors have been isolated men, whose productions could only be the expression of the mind, not the reflections of their age.

If I were destined to live, I should represent in my person the principles, the ideas, the events, the catastrophes, the *épopée* of my times, as they are depicted in these *Memoirs*. The more so as I have seen a world begun and ended—characters opposed at the beginning, at the end have become amalgamated in my opinions. I find myself, as it were, between two epochs, as at the confluence of two rivers, and plunge into their troubled waters, leaving with regret the shore where I was born, and swim with hope towards that unknown land to which the children of this generation are flocking.

The *Memoirs* are divided into books and parts, having been written at different times and places; these sections naturally cause a kind of prologues, which relate the events that happened subsequently to the last date, and describe the places where I again take up the thread of my narrative. The varied events and changing forms of my life thus mingling the one with the other, it frequently happened that in the time of my prosperity I had to speak of my adversity, and that in my days of tribulation I recalled to mind past hours of happiness.

The diverse sentiments of my different periods of life, my youth penetrating into my age, the gravity of my experienced years saddening my light-hearted ones, the rays of my sun from its rising to its setting, crossing and commingling, like the scattered reflection of my existence, give a sort of indefinable unity to my works from my cradle to my tomb, from my tomb to my cradle; my sufferings have become my pleasures, my joys my griefs; and none can tell whether these memoirs were written by a youth or a greybeard. I do not say this in the way of self-laudation, for I know not if it be deserving of praise; I only relate what is true, and what has happened without my dreaming of it, through the inconstancy of the tempests let loose against my bark, and which have often hindered me from describing such and such a fragment of my life, other than as the rock on which my hopes were wrecked. In the composition of these memoirs, I have been actuated by a truly paternal spirit; if possible, I would raise the spirits of the dead to correct the proof-sheets for it;—the dead flee so quickly!

The notes accompanying the text are of three kinds: the first, placed together at the end of the volume, contain explanations and justifications; the second, at the foot of the pages, are of the same epoch as the text; the third, likewise at the foot of the pages, have been added since the composition of the body of the work, and bear their date and the place where they were written. A year or two of solitude in some remote corner of the earth would suffice for their completion; but I have never enjoyed repose since the nine months that I slept in my mother's womb, and it is probable that I shall not find any such as I experienced before birth except in the breast of our common mother after death. Many of my friends have pressed me to publish part of my history now, but I have not been able to grant their wish. In the first place, I should be, in spite of myself, less frank and vigorous; secondly, I have always addressed myself to my readers from my coffin; the work has received a religious character from this circumstance, of which I could not deprive it without prejudice to it; it would cost me much to suppress that distant voice which springs from the tomb, and which is heard through the whole course of my recital. It will not be thought strange that I retain some weakness, and that I am preoccupied with the fate of the poor orphan destined to remain when I have passed away. If my sufferings in this world will ensure my happiness in the next, a little light being thrown on my last tableau will serve to make the faults of the painter less striking: life goes ill with me; perhaps death will be better. CHATEAUBRIAND.

Reviews.

The Personal History of Louis Philippe, from 1773 to 1848. Translated from the French of M. Boutmy, by a Member of the Middle Temple. London, Grant and Griffith.

M. BOUTMY is a courtier of the most unmitigated species. In his eyes the ex-King of France is at least a demigod, or rather *he was*; for we have little faith in the constancy of the devotion of toad-eaters. The *Personal History of Louis Philippe* was written to order, for the express reading of the royal eye, under the royal sanction, and with a careful regard to the approbation of the monarch whose life it professes to record.

All contemporary biography, when written by a fellow-countryman of the subject of the narrative, is a delicate matter to handle with a due regard to truth and propriety. There is not one author out of a hundred who can avoid the extremes of the *couleur de rose* and the *couleur de noir*. We are painted by our contemporaries either all red or all black, and futurity

alone can harmonise and subdue the glaring tints. But when the hero of the book is a King or a Queen, truth is fairly elbowed out of the way at once. A subject writing on his Sovereign could be no more trusted to paint him in true colours, than Sir Robert Inglis or Mr. Plumptre could be trusted with the portraiture of the Pope and Cardinals. So surely as those profound statesmen would depict Pius IX. as something between a humbug and an idolator, so surely would the monarch appear as superhuman in every virtue in the pages of his complaisant biographer.

Those who desire to see a specimen of the puff direct should consult the work before us, now translated for the first time. As a true history of the ex-Sovereign it is absurd. M. Boutmy scarcely dares breathe a syllable against old *Egalité*, while young *Egalité* is the perfection of all conceivable excellences, and a model for princes and the humankind in general. Those who can sympathise with the writer in his admiration for Louis Philippe will be naturally pleased with the book; and those who can tolerate a flattering tale will find both amusement and information in the facts that M. Boutmy has got together, even when they most disagree with his estimate of the subject of the story.

When the time is come, indeed, the life of Louis Philippe will be almost unique in the lives of kings and princes. The cousin of a king, and the son of a prince of the blood-royal who turned ultra-revolutionist and then lost his head on the scaffold, he was driven from his country by the violence of the times, wandered about Europe, gaining his bread as a teacher, to return again to boundless wealth and influence, after a while to mount on the throne from which his kinsman Sovereign was banished, and in the end to fly, almost a beggar, to the land which he had known in his exile, and whose good faith he had abused in his prosperity. Such a destiny befalls but few of all mankind; and the personal character of Louis Philippe has not been such as to render his career less singular and remarkable than destiny would have made it. Wonderfully well educated for a prince, endowed with great talents and self-command, he passed through adversity with honour, and in the days of his prosperity for a while seemed to be a blessing to Europe. The romance of fiction is tame and spiritless in comparison to his chequered career; and when the time comes for the competent biographer to take pen in hand to record its vicissitudes, one of the strangest episodes in the sad epic of human life will be given to the world. In the mean time a few of the broad facts of his life may be gleaned from M. Boutmy's pages, fulsome and servile as they are. We shall quote one or two of the incidents of his days of exile, when he fled from France before the wildest excesses of the revolutionary fury. The first records the steps that led to his gaining occupation as professor in a small college in Switzerland.

"At Gordona, as at St. Gothard, his dress and luggage caused them to refuse him hospitality. Meanwhile, night was fast closing upon him, the weather very bad, and through humanity they agreed to let him have a bed of straw in a barn. Extremely fatigued, the wanderer accepted it with joy, and continued in a sound sleep until about the break of day, when he was awakened by the dull monotonous noise of footsteps pacing up and down the floor before him. On opening his eyes, the prince beheld to his astonishment a young fellow armed with a musket, standing as a sentinel by his side. On being asked what had brought him there in so strange and menacing a manner, the peasant replied, 'My aunt sent me into this barn for the purpose of shooting you if, on getting up, you should intend to rob us of anything.' The duke smiled at the suspicion, allowed himself, on leaving his straw couch, to be attended by a body-guard, paid his little account, and pursued his roving career. Arrived at the lake of Lucerne, he met there a French priest and a tradesman, who were arguing with a waterman about the fare for their passage. The priest had no money, and notwithstanding his own poverty, the prince paid for him. During the passage, the tradesman informed his companions that his name was Nauséda, and that he was an optician in the Palais-Royal. He then began to speak for a long time about the Duke of Orleans, to whom he said he had sold spectacles more than once. He also spoke about the young princes, his sons, pretending to know them all very well. The Duke de Chartres, however, could soon perceive that he had no more reason to entertain any fear of being recognised by the optician of the Palais-Royal than by the host

of Coblenz. The priest, as a testimony of gratitude to his benefactor, offered him his services as chaplain. The personage to whom the offer was made could much more easily have engaged chaplains some years afterwards, but now he was exiled, poor, with worn-out raiment, and an empty purse. He, of course, declined the proposal, and thanking the worthy ecclesiastic, with a smiling countenance he received, on leaving the boat (as if a favour sent from Heaven), a letter from M. de Montesquieu, whom he remembered at Bremgarten. The proscribed general was hardly able to afford him a reception at his abode, but he proposed to him a resource which the strong and courageous spirit of the prince did not hesitate to accept. M. de Montesquieu knew that M. Chabot-Latour, who had quitted France, had been admitted to a professorship in the College of Reichenau. Not seeing the prince arrive, he thought of asking some such appointment for him from the burgomaster, M. Aloys Toost, whom he knew intimately, having been introduced to him by M. Boul, director of the college. This proposal being agreeable to the prince, then twenty-two years of age, he was examined with all that strict severity enjoined by the importance of the duties which he was desirous to discharge. He was unanimously admitted as a great acquisition to the college, entering on his duties under the name of Chabot, in the month of October 1793, at a salary of 1400 francs per annum."

For fifteen months he continued to fulfil the duties of his office, when the execution of his father and other events led him to leave Switzerland, and he travelled into the north of Europe. He reached Sweden after a journey on the whole prosperous.

"His intention was to live according to his simple tastes, and observe the most strict incognito. He unconsciously discovered himself, however, in accepting a note which he had received inviting him to a grand ball at court. Placed in a little detached compartment, he could see, without attracting the eyes of anybody, as much as he desired to witness of the pomp of a fête which any one of his own could at least have equalled not very long since. But scarcely did he find himself there, when the master of the ceremonies, whose duty it was to provide suitable places for foreign visitors, offered, without knowing him, to get him a better one than that which he occupied. The duke, a good deal embarrassed, declined the attention for some time, but fearing that by doing so he might excite suspicion, he finally availed himself of it, and the polite functionary shewed him into the gallery appropriated to the diplomatic body, where he took care not to remain for a single instant. The precaution was to no purpose. Next morning, Baron Hamilton, major in the regiment of Nassau, calling upon M. de Montjoie, whom he had known, said to him, 'They state as a fact that you are here with the Duke of Orleans.' The count denied it at first; but the prince seeing it impossible to preserve his incognito any longer, thought he had better give it up entirely. In fact, he had been recognised by all the principal parties present, and, among others, by M. de Rivals, envoy of France. 'You have not told me all your secrets,' said the latter during the ball to the chancellor of Sweden, Count Sparr; 'you have concealed from me that the Duke of Orleans was here.' The minister did not wish to appear cognisant of the fact. 'It is so true,' said the envoy, 'that I have just seen him in the tribune of the *corps diplomatique*.' The chancellor immediately wrote to the illustrious traveller, telling him how delighted the court would be to see him. The prince, thus compelled to renounce the concealment of his rank and name, accepted the invitation, and was presented to the king, as well as to the Duke of Sudermania, regent of the kingdom, both of whom received him in the kindest manner. The court of Sweden made him the most generous offers, but he accepted only of those which afforded him the necessary facilities of seeing the various curiosities of the country, and the several monuments that were worth attention."

Another quotation details an incident of another and very different colour:

"Destiny upon one occasion seemed as if were desirous of affording him consolation, while he proceeded to minister to the happiness of a poor Frenchman, who being like himself a fugitive from his country, had fixed his abode on the banks of Lake Ontario. The prince recognised him at once from his dress and his language; but after a few words of conversation, he perceived with surprise that the person with whom he was speaking appeared to be much more occupied with looking at him, than with listening to what he said. 'Ah, *monseigneur*!' (my lord), said the poor man, 'it is not at you I am looking, it is at your hat; if I had it only for an instant my fortune would be made.' 'Very well! then make your fortune,' said the prince, with a smile, at the same time entrusting him with his hat. The latter (for he was one) jumped with joy, copied the form and shape of the hat, and thanked him as if he had received a treasure. It happened that some

time afterwards the princes, being at the Havannah, met the very same man there, established in business as an opulent manufacturer. 'It is to you,' said he to the Duke of Orleans, 'it is to your hat I am indebted for all this. I made some after the same model, and all the world wished to have *des chapeaux à la Française à la Duc d'Orléans*. At this time, if I had a sufficient supply of water on my premises, my stock in trade would be doubled. I have long sought for it in vain, but perhaps your presence will also bring me good luck in this instance.' His anticipation was realised; a copious spring was discovered, and the latter became a *millionnaire*."

Beatrice Chesterford: a Novel. London, Newby.

THE author of this very agreeable story has evidently a vivid perception of the worth of that truly English saying, that "business should come first, and pleasure afterwards." The opening chapter of *Beatrice Chesterford* is as complete a specimen of the *business* portion of a tale as need be; and we are only afraid that it will prove such very solid reading to many who may take up the volumes, as to deter them from proceeding further than a few pages. The long history of the Chesterfords and their annals, beginning actually from Saxon times, though the tale is one of some fifty or sixty years, ought, indeed, to have given place to a few paragraphs, in which all that was needful to the development of the story might have been briefly told, and the reader spared a terribly long detail of genealogical history. Here and there also, throughout the progress of the incidents, our author digresses or falls into a long wearisome *description* where half-a-dozen sentences would have been ample, or where the characters of the book should have been left to speak for themselves. We note all this the more rigidly because *Beatrice Chesterford* is manifestly the creation of a hand not yet familiar with all the *artistic* portion of novel-writing, and because it is too good not to be the precursor of other and perhaps many successors from the same pen.

In other respects it is a graceful, interesting, and clever book, unquestionably far above the common run of tales, and original in its subject and characters. Manifestly the work of a lady, by the recurrence of those delicate little shades which mark the more observant eye of the gentler sex, it is as manifestly the work of one whose sympathies are with the persecuted Catholics, the fortunes of whose descendants form the subject of the story. At the same time, it is in no sense of the word a theological novel, having nothing whatever to do with controversy of any kind, and only differing from the received standard of books of fiction by the absence of every thing that might shock the most sensitive mind, or offend the most irritable and touchy. Its best features are its quiet delineations of character, and its calmer and more domestic incidents and conversations. When any thing very exciting or vehement comes upon the scene, the want of the energy of a more practised hand is now and then visible, not in the substitution of mouthings or exaggeration for the simple force of nature and truth, but in a certain hesitation and timidity of drawing and colouring, indicative of a taste that would rather say too little than too much. To our fancy, also, the hero, if hero he may be called, is used a vast deal too well by the lady whom he jilts; and rascality generally gets off better than it deserved. All this, however, is a matter of personal liking, though we suspect that some of our readers will say there is a little too much poetical *mercy*, and not enough poetical *justice* in the winding up of the whole course of incidents. The story is not without its romance also; and has a few "situations," which give promise of considerable powers of invention and originality in its author's future efforts. Trusting to meet her again before long time has passed, we conclude with a short extract from one of the concluding chapters.

"The return of consciousness in the case of Winefrede Barfoot was attended by that inexplicable state of mind which, though well known to medical practitioners, admits of no reasonable solution. There was entire consciousness and distinct reasoning powers, but all recent events, except perhaps some mysterious associating between the talked-of marriage of Miss Magnaville and that of her great-grandmother, had dropped out of her memory, and her mind had gone back to those early days when she had assisted at Beatrice Chesterford's, as an in-

mate of the Courthouse, in all the confusion incident on a hurried departure from her own country for an unlimited sojourn in a foreign land. Probably some of these preparations took place not only at night, but in darkness, for, strange to say, Winefrede never discovered that she was blind, though she was heard to wish for returning day, and sometimes asked for a light. 'Yes, my sweet mistress,' she was heard to say, 'and a fairer bride never fell to the lot of man. You said well that you could trust me. Young! Well, and if I am young, there are all the more years to serve you in, dear lady. But no more talking now, no more now; we must be gone, and our treasure with us. I would it were day: is there no light? where did I put the light?'

"Winefrede appeared desirous of rising, and leaving her bed. Dr. Pestler, who had desired that no restraint should be used towards her, now gently assisted her by placing his hand behind her pillows, and giving her the necessary help without her being aware of any actual interference. She was soon sitting on the side of the bed, her hand resting on Hannah Slade's shoulder, who had stooped forward, in order by that means to give assistance should she try to stand. By this time Mr. M'Cash and Mr. Chesterford were added to the number of silent observers; the former particularly watched every motion, and marked every word with the most intense anxiety.

"'I wish I had kept the light,' began Winefrede once more; 'with a light, I should not mind the waiting. He appointed eleven. In the hiding-chamber, at eleven, he said, and the dispensation shall be ready.'

"The room having been used as Mrs. Magnaville's sitting-room, was furnished with a clock; and not a heart but throbbed with expectation and wonder, when Dr. Pestler, stretching out his arm, for it was within his reach, moved the hand to the hour named. The warning note was given, Winefrede started, and then it struck. She counted the whole hour out. 'Eleven!' she paused: 'eleven! Now, then, day or night is the same, I know my way.' She raised herself steadily on her feet, and, with short and rapid steps, made towards the door. It was open; she passed through, and turned up the passage on the right-hand side which led to Mr. Chesterford's bedroom.

"Dr. Pestler motioned back all who were anxious to accompany Winefrede, except Father Bertram and Harry Morton. To Harry the doctor whispered, 'See that all doors are open; Harry made a step forward; 'Take off your shoes;' he did so; and softly by Winefrede's side, or slightly in advance, he accompanied her on her way. At some distance, but always near enough to keep them in sight, followed Mr. M'Cash. Still with the same short hastening steps Winefrede pursued her way down the passage, into Mr. Chesterford's room, and through it by an opposite door which opened into a small anteroom, from which a flight of stairs led to the kitchen and pantries. Here Winefrede paused for a second, and moved close to the wall, as though aware that there was some danger on the side which was open to the stairs. A door opposite that leading into Mr. Chesterford's chamber opened into a servant's bedroom, through which, by an ascent of five steps, there was another room of the same kind, and three steps more out of this last room led to a low skylight passage, from which were places of access to the roof, and at the far end of which there was a spacious cupboard, where household linen was stored. During the instant's pause made by Winefrede in the anteroom, Harry passed by her, and opened the servant's room door. Placing her hand on the wall as if to guide her progress, she reached the opening, entered the room, and walked steadily forward, and up the steps, through the adjoining apartment, and thence reached the passage. She went on, and extending her arm before her, shewed her consciousness of being very near its termination by this precaution against injury. Her hand touched the door of the linen closet, and she stopped. Kneeling down, she placed her ear against the door, and knocked three times distinctly, with a pause between each. Strength seemed now to be rapidly going, she was observed to lean heavily against the door. Her lips moved. 'Adjutorium nostrum.' 'In nomine Domini,' said Father Bertram, kneeling down by her side. 'Father!' said Winefrede, making the sign of the cross. 'My child,' said the priest, 'is it all safe?' 'Yes; come with me.' Nature could do no more, and she fell back fainting."

The Dublin Review. No. 48. Richardson.

BESIDES the usual proportion of articles of average merit, this number of the *Dublin* contains four good solid papers, above the average. The reply to Dr. Wordsworth's "Sequel to his Letters to M. Gondon," is a sharp, pointed, and unsparing dissection of the Rev. Canon's astounding controversial obliquities. Dr. Wordsworth having clearly made up his mind on the points in dispute, and satisfied himself that he is infallible, will probably remain unconvinced. Few, however, who read *both* sides of the question will, we suspect, share his views.

In the paper on the Cuneiform Characters of the Monu-

ments of Nineveh now transferred to Paris and London, we recognise the hand of one of our best Oriental scholars, who never puts pen to paper but when he has something to say worth knowing. The article is an interesting record of what has been doing in this important branch of archaeological history. The author of "Tenure of Ireland" is one of those who are Ireland's best friends, who would teach her to be her own restorer, and whose conviction it is that her resources, once developed, are adequate to the cure of all her evils. He strenuously advocates the importance of creating every possible facility for the transfer of encumbered estates into the hands of smaller proprietors, who would work them with all the zeal of those whose life and comfort depended on their success.

The most popular article will be that upon the Pope, which deservedly cuts up a book that has already received a due castigation in our own pages, and then draws an interesting and pleasing picture of the great Pontiff, such as he really is, and ever has been. We must find room for the writer's views upon the present posture of affairs in Rome.

"On the present uncertain position of things in Rome we cannot pronounce a judgment. We have already said, that it is an experimental state. All is now in the crucible; and whether gold or lead (we hope not steel) will come out, defies the foresight of any seer. 'Double, double toil and trouble' are certainly in the cauldron; and we have no great confidence in the wizards who are stirring up the decoction. Somehow or other we do place much in the Roman people. Though they have of late taken to strange fashions, and appear abroad bearded like pards, we do hope that the good taste and good sense of which they have often given proof, will again triumph over the fitful and baneful influence of a few hotheaded leaders. Already the Trasteverini have proclaimed as their motto, '*Religione e libertà: libertà con religione.*' This, we trust, will ere long be the watchword round which all Rome and all the Pontifical States will rally. If this be the case, we have no doubt but that the Pope will soon see the end of his anxieties and troubles, and find himself at the head of a contented and united people.

"One thing more we do most sincerely hope,—that the Romans will forget all nonsense about Romulus and Remus, and all the Brutuses; and give up the she-wolf, with all the sickly classicities of Arcadia, and the puerilities of academical mythology. They have got to learn (many of them at least) that they have little more to do with Pagan Rome than have the Tartars. The 'Rome of the Popes' is their birth-place, and the heroes of the Church are their best forefathers. To think that they can, with impunity, throw away eighteen centuries of Christian glory, to build the honour of the present age upon the stale reputation of the heathen warriors and poets of ancient Rome, would be as absurd as if they really should think of erecting the hall of meeting for their new parliament on the broken columns and shaky walls of the Coliseum. Pagan Rome is no longer theirs; it belongs to the schoolboys—to those who get impositions for not remembering who Mummus was, or how many divisions there were in an As. The heads of Roman youth are apt to get crammed with the foolish idea, that they are something to the Fabii and the Horatii, and that they have some call or other to reinstate or continue their glory. The arts and the literature of Rome have been allowed too freely to take this vain and aimless direction. Stupid and indecent mythologies entice its artists, while Overbeck's—the German's—paintings sweetly smile holy reproaches on their wasted talents. Every old nook and hole, in which an ancient bat may have ensconced itself, is heedfully explored; while beneath ground is a sacred city, almost abandoned to the interest of strangers, or to the unaided zeal of a Marchi; and every hill is crowned with religious monuments that shame by their durability the ruined temples of heathenism. It is not on the Capitol, with its sacred birds (be they not ominous!), that the inspirations of the new Chambers must be sought; but on the Vatican, at the tomb of him who is the Founder and Father of modern and Christian Rome—of the first of that line of princes whose countenance has been for centuries the sun of Rome. For when averted or removed, what has ever ensued but misery, poverty, and threatened dissolution? To try the experiment once more would be the height of madness. St. Peter's chains have riveted a bond between his line and the eternal city which no Mazzini will ever break. Rome is the Eternal City only because its princes have an eternal charter from an unailing authority. These are gates stronger than those of any worldly city, which cannot prevail against the Rock. Let the new constitution mingle its foundations with those which already repose on it, and it will be secure; let it seek a separate site, and it will get, not upon sand, but upon a quicksand. Let the cross between the cross-keys be the device of the senate, both to shew under what sanction it sits, and to represent the symbol of its holy Pontiff in the series of Popes:—*Crux de Cruce.*

"As for ourselves, we gladly accept the omen of this de-

scription. The cross is indeed the emblem of pain, of trial, of tribulation, and of sorrow. As such it must come. But the cross which springs from the cross is ever bright, glorious, and majestic. It was of gold upon the banner and the crown of Constantine; it was of light when it promised him victory in the heavens; it will be of lightning when it reappears as the sign of the Son of Man. Our holy and dear Pontiff is now carrying his cross—the heavy cross of Calvary; may it soon bear fruit, and produce for him the second cross—the cross of Light!"

The Sugar Question in relation to Free Trade and Protection. By the Author of the "History of the British Colonies." London, Nichols.

MR. MARTIN is a thoroughgoing Free-trader, who thinks that the West Indians are spoiled and petted children, who will not help themselves when they can. At the same time he abhors slavery, but believes that free trade in sugar is really the best means for its ultimate abolition. The pamphlet before us is rather a *résumé* of the history of the question than an argument on its present state. An extract will shew the mode in which he deals with this doubtful and difficult topic.

"I demonstrated by facts in my *History of the Colonies* in 1834, and subsequently in the *Colonial Magazine*, that protection has been the great evil of the West Indies. So long as they were left perfectly free in their trade they had direct intercourse and commerce with various parts of Europe and America by reason of their favourable intermediate tropical position; but when England commenced to levy a taxation on their sugars, which in 1800 amounted to 30 per cent on their staple, and progressively increased until in 1826 it reached 80 per cent, and in 1839 more than 100 per cent, she also, 'with the idea of keeping up a mercantile marine, forbade the West Indies selling the produce (which was shut out of the home market by enormous duties) in the markets of continental Europe or America, thus preventing not only their selling, but even from buying food where the colonists could readily obtain it in exchange for their sugar, rum, &c. Here we witness the bane of our colonial policy.'—*Hist. of Colonies*, ii. 433.

"When, I repeat, England adopted this course, the West Indies rapidly declined, and the statements made and the petitions presented to Parliament at different periods during more than fifty years all contain statements of progressive ruin. The following is an abstract from official documents relative to alleged West India distress and ruin:

"1792.—'The great mass of planters, men of oppressed fortunes, consigned by debt to unremitting drudgery in the colonies, with a hope, which eternally mocks their grasp, of happier days and a release from their embarrassments.'—*Bryan Edwards*, vol. ii. 5th edition.

"1792.—'In the course of 20 years 177 estates in Jamaica have been sold for the payment of debts; 55 have been thrown up; and 29 are still in the hands of creditors. It appears from a return made by the Provost Marshal, that 80,121 executions, amounting to 22,563,786*l.* sterling, have been lodged in his office in the course of twenty years.'—*Report prepared by the Committee of House of Assembly, Jamaica.*

"1805.—'Every British merchant holding securities on real estates is filing bills in Chancery to foreclose, although, when he has obtained his decree, he hesitates to enforce it, because he must himself become the proprietor of the plantation, of which from fatal experience he knows the consequence. Sheriffs' officers are everywhere selling property at less than half the original cost; all kind of credit is at an end, confidence has ceased, and a faithful detail would have the appearance of a frightful caricature.'—*West India Paper, printed by House of Commons*, 25 Feb. 1805.

"1807. July 24.—West India Committee of the House of Commons reported on the *ruin of the Colonies, and the loss of a vast capital.* 1808. April 13.—Similar report.

"1812. June 15.—Address to the King, in which the ruin of the West Indies is declared to be complete: remedy proposed, high protecting or prohibitory duty on coffee. '50*s.* per cwt. exclusive of duty can alone save the sugar-grower from ruin, and the crisis that had arrived. Exactions, debasement, and privations have long been patiently endured by the proprietors; a large portion of them now see approaching the lowest state of human misery, absolute want to their families, and the horrors of a gaol for themselves.'

"1813.—Debate in Parliament on Sugar Duties; Mr. Marriat declared—'there were comparatively few estates in the West Indies that had not during the last twenty years been sold or given up to creditors.'

"1832.—West India interest petitioned Parliament, declaring that 'the alarming and unprecedented state of distress in which the *whole* of the British West India interest is at this time involved justifies them in imploring the Legislature to adopt prompt and effectual measures of relief in order to preserve them from *inevitable ruin.*' Remedy proposed, large additional bounty on sugar, &c."

The Fine Arts.

GIOTTO: HIS RELATION TO MODERN ART.

IF there is any one sentiment which is peculiarly characteristic of our own times, and which binds us by an indissoluble tie to our European ancestors of the thirteenth century, it is the love for art; not only as a source of pure enjoyment and true refinement of mind, but as a powerful instrument for expressing our emotions and ideas. The most unobservant eye cannot but take notice of the wonderful interest which every person of tolerable education cultivates in all that comes forth from the chisel and the pencil. The artist is daily becoming more and more an honoured man amongst us. The painter, the sculptor, the engraver, the architect, the glass-stainer, the musician, the worker in jewels, in brass and iron, or in gold and silver, are gradually claiming and attaining a place in popular esteem far higher than the ignorance and material notions of a past generation have been willing to concede to them. From being estimated, or rather contemned, as tradesmen, mechanics, manufacturers, or as men to be hired at the lowest market-price for the entertainment of our idle hours, we are learning to look up to them as filling a most important office in the education of the mind, and as supplying us with means for giving expression and utterance to our inward conceptions, which rank them with the poet and the historian, with the orator and with the divine.

Inarticulate, indeed, as is the voice of Art when she would pour forth in truth and freedom many of the noblest sentiments of the soul—trammelled as she is with the chains of earthliness, of ignorance, and of the traditions of a bygone era—indefinite and ill-matured as are the sentiments and thoughts which she is often called to utter; still, no man can regard the almost universal attempt which is being made in all quarters to attain a true and genuine perfection, without perceiving that these struggles after excellence are real, honest, and, in a great measure, unaffected; without being conscious of a certain quickening of noble aspirations in his own breast, prompting him to aid, in howsoever slight a degree, this newly reviving mode of manifesting all that is great and spiritual in the human mind.

With singular interest, therefore, and not a little gratitude, we always turn to that period when those remarkable men lived and flourished who led the way in the revival of art in its various forms, and who conferred upon posterity, and upon ourselves especially, certain imperishable benefits;—perhaps of a greater value than aught which we have received from any among their successors. In painting, which, more than any of the other divisions of this one universal language, will ever possess a peculiar attraction for the great majority of mankind, the thirteenth century supplies its one illustrious name. "To the philosophic observer," it has been well said, "Giotto appears as one of those few Heaven-endowed beings, whose development springs from a source within—one of those unconscious instruments in the hand of Providence, who, in seeking their own profit and delight through the expansion of their own faculties, make unawares a step forward in human culture; lend a new impulse to human aspirations; and, like the 'bright morning star, day's harbinger,' may be merged in the succeeding radiance, but never forgotten."

A pleasing anecdote, owing its first authority to Lorenzo Ghiberti, the great sculptor of the fourteenth century, but repeated by Vasari, and since told a thousand times, relates that, about the year 1280, Cimabue the painter, who, in conjunction with Duccio of Siena and other men of genius and energy, was labouring to impart a life to the old Byzantine forms of art, riding one day in the valley of Vespignano near Florence, saw Giotto, a boy of some twelve or fourteen years old, tending sheep, and stretched upon the ground. The eye of the active-minded Florentine quickly detected the signs of the artist's occupation in the posture and movements of the child. Riding up unobserved, he saw a strange sight, in a day when few, if any, dreamt of taking nature as their model—he saw the little shepherd intently drawing the figure of one of the grazing sheep with a

piece of pointed stone upon a fragment of smooth-surfaced slate. Astonished at the boy's occupation, without hesitation he offered to take him to his house and teach him to paint. The child was rejoiced to accede, only stipulating that his father's consent should be obtained. This was readily given, and Giotto straightway became the pupil of Cimabue, and resided with him in his own house.

All that culture could then confer upon the aspiring artist, Giotto there learnt from his master and friend. His general education was confided to Brunetto Latini; in whose school he probably made the acquaintance of one whose wonderful powers of intellect and fervent soul exercised no little influence upon the conceptions and works of the great painter himself. From the conversation of Dante he learned no small portion of those ideas of dramatic truth and energy, and cultivated that fertile power of allegorical embodiment, which has produced such astonishing results in the *Divina Commedia*; and which gives a certain vivid expressiveness to the paintings of Giotto, which is perhaps the most striking characteristic of his remarkable style.

The walls of the Palazzo dell' Podestà, or Council Chamber of Florence, received the earliest recorded efforts of Giotto's pencil. He painted there the portraits of Dante, Brunetto Latini, Donati, and various others. It is somewhat singular that the first mention which we have of his works should be connected with that one branch of his art, a true appreciation of which was undoubtedly one of the most powerfully operative causes of his vast superiority to all his predecessors. Hitherto, portrait-painting, as such, can hardly be said to have had any existence. The love of the old Romans for portraiture had become extinct;* the painter now

* The great characteristic of Roman art, as distinguished from Greek, was its love and cultivation of portraiture. "It is the earliest age of which we have any notice of portrait-painters as a distinct class (*Imagines pictores*). There is probably no use of portraits of which we do not find mention among the Romans; and they employed them in several ways, to which we have no record of similar uses since. It was an early practice among the Greeks and Romans for warriors to have their portraits engraved upon their shields. These shields were dedicated in the public temples either as trophies or as memorials of the deceased. Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* xxxv. 2) makes some curious observations on portraits. He says, that in olden time, that is, compared with his own day, portraits were made to resemble the original as much as possible both in colour and in form; a custom in his time grown quite obsolete. And we have instead, he says, shields and escutcheons of brass, with portraits inlaid in silver, which have neither life nor individuality. Now all men think more of the material in which their likenesses are made than of the art or the resemblance. The effigies they leave behind them are rather images of their wealth than of their persons. Thus it is that noble arts decay and perish. With our ancestors it was very different; their halls were not filled with either strange images of brass or stone, but with the lively portraits of themselves and their forefathers in wax, exact similitudes.

"These portraits so pathetically lamented by Pliny were wax busts, and they were preserved in wooden shrines in the most conspicuous parts of the house. The custom, therefore, so minutely described by Polybius (*vi.* 53), seems to have grown into disuse before Pliny's time. Polybius says: 'Upon solemn festivals these images are uncovered, and adorned with the greatest care. And when any other person of the same family dies, they are carried also in the funeral procession with a body added to the bust, that the representation may be just even with regard to size. They are dressed likewise in the habits that belong to the ranks which they severally filled when they were alive. If they were consuls or praetors, in a gown bordered with purple; if censors, in a purple robe; and if they triumphed, or obtained any similar honour, in a vest embroidered with gold. Thus apparelled, they are drawn along in chariots, preceded by their rods and axes, and other ensigns of their former dignity. And when they arrive at the Forum, they are all seated upon chairs of ivory, and there exhibit the noblest object that can be offered to a youthful mind, warmed with the love of virtue and of glory. For who can behold without emotion the forms of so many illustrious men thus living, as it were, and breathing together in his presence? Or what spectacle can be conceived more great and striking? The person also that is appointed to harangue, when he has exhausted all the praise of the deceased, turns his discourse to the rest, whose images are before him; and beginning with the most ancient of them, recounts the fortunes and exploits of every one in turn. By this method, which renews continually the remembrance of men celebrated for their virtue, the fame of every great and noble action becomes immortal; and the glory of those by whose services their country has been benefited is rendered familiar to the people, and delivered down to future times.'

"They had also the statues and portraits of authors in the public libraries; the portraits of authors were placed over the cases which contained their writings; and below them chairs were placed for the convenience of readers. (Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* xxxv. 3, 4, 49; Cic. *Ad Attic.* xiv. 10). Suetonius mentions the statues and portraits of authors in libraries on many occasions in the *Lives of the Emperors*, and notices several edicts respecting the placing of them. (Sueton. *Tib.* lxx. 26; *Calig.* xxxiv.). Marcus Varro took great delight in portraits, and seems to have invented some method of multiplying them. Pliny's allusion to the fact, however, is so very concise, that it is scarcely safe to venture upon any explanatory conjecture as to the means. He made (*aliquo modo*) and inserted in his writings the portraits of seven hundred distinguished men, and dispersed them to all parts of the world; and this he did for the gratification of strangers. Pliny appears here clearly to speak of more than one set of portraits;

could do nothing more than reproduce, with various slight modifications, the strange types of Byzantine art. He no longer painted either what he saw or what he conceived. He was a mere copier, not of the ideas, but of the visible works of others. There was but one man alive, Nicolo Pisano, and he a sculptor, not a painter, who thought and worked as a man, and not as a slave.

Here, therefore, was the first great change wrought by the genius of Giotto. Emancipating himself from the commonplace conventionalities of his age, he saw that it was only by the faithful and loving study of nature, in all her visible beauty and variety, that he could hope to attain to the embodiment of that ideal beauty, which the refined and elevated soul will ever account the only fitting expression of the great and pure spirit within. To paint man, he perceived that he must paint *men*. When he would portray the scenes or the personages of Holy Writ, or embody the faith and the piety of the devout Christian, he felt that he must commence by closely copying the forms, the gestures, the countenances of the everyday people around him, before he could represent human nature as spiritualised and glorified by the operation of divine principles and an invisible power.

What these first recorded portraits of modern days really were, the traveller in Italy is now enabled to see. After nearly six centuries of oblivion, they are now at length restored to existence. During the triumph of the enemies of Dante in Florence, they were obliterated by that deadly foe to all the arts, whitewash; and the antiquarian and the artist sought in vain for any traces of their beauty on the walls of the Council Chamber, till, in 1840, an Italian amateur, Signor Bezzi, was so fortunate as to discover them, after long labours, when the whitewash was removed and the portraits revealed.

From cultivating the portrait, Giotto speedily advanced to true and real historical composition. The works of his predecessors had no title whatever to such a distinction. Previous painters had no better conception of a picture than a collection of figures, placed side by side, or one above another, without perspective, without grouping, without light and shade. They had no idea of propriety of expression in the countenance, of naturalness of gesture in the figure. Their characters were distinguished from one another by certain varieties in dress, or by mottos, or by the superscription of their names over their heads; and the story they were meant to tell was only partially known by the position in which they were placed with regard to one another. Their figures were lean, lank, distorted, melancholy, and cadaverous; they spoke more of the tomb than of earth, and still less could they suggest to a mortal eye the glories of the heavenly world.

Such, notwithstanding all that had been done by Cimabue, was Italian art when Giotto began his career. At once a change the most fundamental appeared in the pictorial art, and took captive all eyes and hearts among the vulgar and among the learned. He painted a picture of the Annunciation, and gave to the Virgin an expression of awe at the mysterious message she received; he represented the Infant Saviour shrinking from the priest towards his beloved mother, in a painting of the Presentation; he portrayed the sorrow and reverence of the angels who watched the body of St. John, in the church of the Carmine at Florence. At Assisi, to which all mankind now turned in veneration for the heroic sanctity of the great Francis, he embodied the three virtues of the monastic life, Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, in allegories, replete with the truth of nature, and animated by the genius and fervour of his friend Dante.

Here, also, he filled up his pictures with certain accessories and natural incidents, as it had never before entered into the imagination of painter to represent, but which tended most powerfully to impress upon the spectator the reality of the scene that was pictured be-

fore him. At Naples, he painted the Seven Sacraments for King Robert, animating all his figures with the expressions of real life and feeling, and in a group of singing boys, giving to every child the true look and gesture of an actual singer. Above all, he introduced an entire change in the principle upon which the artist had hitherto represented the sufferings of the Redeemer of the world. Until now, the single object of the painter and carver had been to depict the bodily sufferings of our Lord; they represented Him upon the cross, full of anguish, his form attenuated and covered with gore, and so terribly awful and painful, that to the Christian, who now by faith beholds the crucified Saviour at his Father's right hand in glory, and whose mind can never dissociate the infinite love and the divine perfections of the Son of God from the form of the suffering Jesus, such representations of the sacrifice of Calvary were as distressing, as they were unreal and spiritually untrue. Giotto at once departed from this established type, and in the spirit of those early Christians who had preferred to represent the Son of Mary as the most perfect of human forms, he softened the terrors of the cross by animating the figure of the Divine Sufferer with an expression of profound resignation and heavenly peace, and by bestowing greater care in the painting of the sacred limbs, with the utmost possible beauty of form.

In addition to all these intellectual qualifications,—in addition to his genuine poetic feeling, to his quick observation, to his vigorous common sense and enlarged and determined judgment,—Giotto unquestionably possessed a singular degree of mechanical dexterity as a mere artist. This superiority in executive power is, indeed, no unfrequent accompaniment of the highest order of talent and genius in all divisions of art and mental cultivation. Few men think well who cannot speak well. Verse is generally easy to those in whom the poetic fire burns with brightness. To Michael Angelo, the manual use of the mallet and chisel seemed to come by nature. Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven played as it seemed almost by inspiration. And so also with the great restorer of painting. The pencil was to him an instrument over which he seemed to possess a natural sovereignty, and the well known proverb, *Piu tondo che l' o di Giotto*, bespeaks a dexterity in its use, such as few painters have attained. When invited to Rome by Pope Boniface the Eighth, says the story, Giotto was asked by the messenger from his Holiness to give him a specimen of his famous powers. Upon this, the painter traced upon paper in a moment, with a single turn of the pencil, a circle so perfect in form, that the messenger, and afterwards the Pontiff, were at once convinced that the painter's merits were at least equal to his fame.*

Two or three well known anecdotes bespeak also the wit and shrewdness of the painter, whom Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio have each delighted to celebrate. When at Naples he was treated by King Robert with the highest distinction, and as Titian was visited by the Emperor Charles the Fifth in his studio, Giotto was often watched as he painted by the Neapolitan monarch. One hot day the king said to him, "If I were you, Giotto, I would leave off work, and rest myself." "So would I, sire," said the painter, "if I were *you*." Another time the king asked him to paint the kingdom he governed, which Giotto immediately represented as

* This story of Giotto's wonderful dexterity of hand reminds one of the well-known anecdote of the two great Greek painters, Apelles and Protogenes. Apelles went to Rhodes to see Protogenes and his works, and, as Pliny relates the incident, found Protogenes away from home, and no one in the studio but an old woman, taking charge of a panel upon an easel, ready prepared for the painter's hand. When the old woman inquired of the visitor what name she could give to her master when he returned, Apelles took a pencil wet with colour and drew a line (*linea*) upon the panel, bidding her shew it as the visitor's memorial of himself. Protogenes returning, saw the line, and exclaimed, "None but Apelles could have traced that line." He then took a pencil, and, with another colour, drew upon the same (here the mystery of the story begins; as the pronoun used by Pliny does not shew whether he meant "upon the same line," or "upon the same panel"), a yet finer line; and going out again, desired his servant to shew it to Apelles when he should call again. Apelles again visiting the studio, saw himself outdone, and immediately with another colour drew a third (*secuit lineas*), attaining the utmost limit of fineness; and Protogenes coming home, confessed himself vanquished. This panel, with the three lines, was preserved at Rome in the imperial palace on the Palatine, till it was destroyed by fire in the reign of Augustus, so that Pliny never saw it himself, but told the story as related by others. The account itself is full of obscurity, and has been a fertile source of conjecture for the curious.

and they must have been, therefore, either repeatedly copied in sets and printed, and if so, possibly from wooden cuts, though this is scarcely probable, or something of the kind would have been handed down, if not to our own day, at least for a few centuries, so that some traces of such an art would appear in the earliest manuscripts. Portraits were sometimes prefixed to the writings of authors: Martial (xiv. 186) mentions one of Virgil, which was prefixed to a manuscript of his works.—*Wornam's History of Painting*, chap. ix.

an ass with a heavy pack-saddle on his back, snuffing eagerly at another saddle on the ground, on which were the tokens of royalty, the sceptre and the crown. This was an emblem of the servility and fickleness of the people of Naples.

Like many of the greatest Italian artists, Giotto was a sculptor and architect, as well as a painter. His most celebrated achievement with marble was the beautiful campanile of the Cathedral at Florence. To the eye accustomed only to the forms and the proportions of English and French Gothic, this graceful tower may perhaps seem over-tall and slender, and ill supported by its want of that breadth of base which is characteristic of the best towers of our northern architecture. But when we grow familiar with the peculiarities of the Italian Gothic, and the mind is habituated to contemplate its features as adapted to the capabilities of marble, rather than the necessities of our weaker and more crumbling stone, then the exquisite grace and delicate symmetry of this master-piece of Giotto, rising as it does in simple purity against the melting azure of the Italian sky, wins more and more upon the feelings, and is numbered among the traveller's fairest recollections of the land of art and beauty.

Such, then, were the works of Giotto, and such the innovations introduced by the father of modern painting into the arts of the thirteenth century; and when these results of his genius are viewed in comparison, or rather in contrast, with the productions of all that went before him, they may well excite our astonishment and admiration, and induce us to assign him a high place in that galaxy of wonderful men, to whom in a great measure we owe what we ourselves are, and those arts and that learning which it is the boast of our time to cherish and venerate. His works, where violence and accidental injuries have spared them, still remain in a surprising condition of preservation, and indicate a degree of skilful management in their mechanical construction. We still see that he advanced in colouring, as in design itself, far beyond his predecessors, using brighter and more harmonious tints, and employing his colours, both in distemper and in fresco, with surprising freedom and life. In England, unfortunately, none are to be seen. Until lately, his very name was unknown to the average of amateurs. People had strange dreams of the perfection of the artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and imagined that the pictorial art attained its eminence in the age of Leo the Tenth, by a kind of supernatural energy, while all before them was barbarism and ugliness. Even those who were better informed, were little sensible of the spiritual beauty and artistic excellence of the great masters of the early schools of Italy, and many an opportunity for enriching the galleries of England with these venerable treasures was suffered to go by unheeded, while every trivial piece of elaboration by a Dutch or Flemish master was bought up and valued as a precious relic, almost of the highest school of the painter's skill. Boors, and cottages, and vegetables, and crockery were sought after and treasured up, while the real wonders of the art, the sacred pictures of Giotto and the many great artists who succeeded him, were neglected and forgotten.

[To be continued.]

Parish Churches. By Raphael and J. Arthur Brandon, Architects. London, George Bell.

THE authors of this excellent and useful work, in the course of extensive researches among the ancient churches of England, undertaken expressly to collect materials for their *Analysis of Gothic Architecture*, were induced to extend their series of illustrations from parts and details to views of entire churches. For this purpose, and under these favourable circumstances, a selection has been made by them which may safely be said to comprise some of the best examples in the kingdom; and perspective sketches of the interior and exterior, together with a ground-plan and short architectural description of each, form a complete and very interesting assemblage for those who cannot (and who can?) personally visit so many and so widely-separated and remote nooks and corners of old England.

Such a work was, no doubt, very much wanted. As

far as ancient models are adapted to modern use (and we would not assert that they are in all points entirely so), it was important to have a good collection made from those which remain most perfect and most available for our somewhat economical and utilitarian age of church-building. They serve to supply *ideas*, if not to be copied in all their parts and arrangements. And in another respect they are perhaps still more beneficial; in elevating the taste and feeling of the day, and creating some *little* sympathy with the Catholicity of olden times. We do not wish the nation to run mad all at once after a blind and inconsiderate restoration of a bygone art, from its costliness as well as from its character, incapable, perhaps, of being more than modified, according to principles of sense and reason, to the present requirements of the Church; but we do think that public taste is still susceptible of improvement; and we certainly should prefer the most intensely medieval church, with extravagantly flowing vestments, to the Frenchified novelties with which English Catholics are much too familiar, and which they are apt to regard as the standard of elegance and propriety. We were once driving past the gateway of one of the most celebrated old abbeys in the kingdom. Neither was the weather unfavourable, nor was the time pressing; a walk of two hundred yards would have placed the party in the carriage in the very centre of the noblest ruins of English ecclesiastical art. The carriage stopped indeed, but the occupants (who were all Catholics), with a single exception, declined to stir from their places. The spot had no interest for them. They were used to hear Mass in a cement Parthenon of the most approved pagan details, and cared not to see what ought to have been an object of the greatest attention, to say the least, if not of enthusiasm for the works of their predecessors in the same faith.

We shall be pardoned the anecdote, as shewing how much the prevalence of bad taste, and a want of appreciation of the fine arts generally, among which Christian architecture ranks so high, have rendered the minds of the many obtuse and insensate to the finest efforts of antiquity, nay to the most sacred impressions with which they are associated.

This deficiency, then, has already been, in a very great degree, supplied by such publications as the present. Many who are too lazy to walk a few hundred yards to see the original, may be induced to look at a picture, and even to read a page of description. And this is a beginning at least, from which some good fruits may be expected to arise.

Although the lithography is not of the highest style of art, nor the drawing perhaps in every instance perfectly successful in its perspective, still the sketches are extremely effective from their boldness and depth of shadow, as well as from the judicious selection of the points whence they have been taken. Many of the examples are of exquisite beauty; others, from their simple elegance, are well suited to the wants of congregations who have but limited means. We might select from among these latter, and even recommend for adoption, Little Casterton, Rutland; Howell, Lincolnshire; Etton, Northamptonshire; St. Michael, Long Stanton, Cambridgeshire; Burton Lazars, Leicestershire; Bagington, Warwickshire; Shiere, Surrey; Leckhampton, Gloucestershire; Barnwood, in the same county; Achurch, Northamptonshire; all which are admirable models of plain but beautiful structures, capable of containing from two to three hundred worshippers, and averaging, perhaps, from two to three thousand pounds in their cost at the present day, though some of them might doubtless be built for considerably less.

Few, of course, of the old parish churches remain in even a decent condition; fewer still have escaped such mutilations as essentially alter their original aspect. In towns they have been "restored," till they resemble theatres rather than churches; in villages they have been suffered to fall into a state of decay which those only can conceive who have been in the habit of visiting them. This is keenly felt and deplored by our authors.

"In a comparatively small district in the south of Lincolnshire, and in the midst of fens and marshy lands, in them-

selves formidable obstacles to the erection of such imposing buildings, are nevertheless found some of the most splendid of the parish churches that adorn our land. They are all of the same date, the most perfect period of decorated architecture, and are characterised by excellent and substantial workmanship, with extraordinary elegance and minuteness of detail. Such are the churches of Donnington, Haconby, Heckington, and its beautiful rival Ewerby. It is sad, indeed, to find these buildings, works of pious munificence such as succeeding ages have never seen equalled, in the miserably neglected state that they now are. The shameful and desecrated condition of Ewerby is not to be described."

We have ourselves seen not only this, but a hundred more at the least, to which the same remarks will apply. In Cotman's *Etchings of Norfolk Churches*, made long before the late "revival," as it has been called, and at a time when any thing like zeal for church restoration would have been thought a qualification for Bedlam or something worse, it is not at all uncommon to notice heaps of straw, lumber, and rubbish of every description occupying the interior (even the chancel), and copied by the artist just as he found it. We were once visiting a village church, in a state scarcely removed from absolute desecration, of which the sexton remarked, "Ah, sir! if you had but seen this very church as I knew it many a year ago, when there was a dunghill here (in the centre of the nave), and gypsies used to come and sleep in it of nights, and bring their donkeys in along with 'em, for there was no lock to the door!"

As a specimen of the brief but delightful notices of these unknown and out-of-the-way edifices, which accompany the plates, we annex the account of Filby Church, Norfolk. Some of our readers will be reminded, perhaps, of their own past performances in what has been somewhat prosily and colloquially termed "church-hunting," or more profanely still, "steeple-chasing," when, with note-books and sketching-apparatus, they used to devote many a long day to wandering over remote places, in search of brasses, mouldings, and other medieval curiosities.

"This little church is beautifully situated in a magnificent grove of trees, and its elegant perpendicular tower rises nobly from the thick foliage which surrounds it. On a near inspection of the building we find that here, as in so many other places, time and neglect have done their work; the chancel roof is lowered, the south porch suffered to fall into ruins, the upper part of the finely-painted roodscreen demolished, and the well carved and solid seats of former days concealed by high deal pews. Still the interior has not suffered nearly so much as the exterior; its proportions are excellent, and the clearstory of small quatrefoils contributes considerably to the general good effect. The removal of the lath-and-plaster with which the roof is underdrawn would be an immense gain to the beauty of the interior. The roof is composed of trussed rafters; this construction was deservedly very general during the early English and decorated periods, combining a simple appearance with great security, durability, and economy of material. The selfry-arch is perpendicular, as well as the rest of the tower; the latter is a fine structure, with angle buttresses terminating in small octagonal turrets, each supporting a figure; the parapet is enriched with flint panels, and stepped after a fashion very prevalent in this county. The west door has been richly carved, and the remains of a good closing-ring may be seen on the north door. The door to the turret-staircase is crossed and recrossed with bands of iron closely set together, and is fastened by seven locks curiously wrought. This excess of precaution seems to have been taken with a view of converting, on an emergency, the tower into a stronghold: the turret-door of Hingham Church is similarly protected. This church affords accommodation for about 380 worshippers."

Those who, disliking the trouble of going out of their way to see old churches (and it must be confessed that they are rather a numerous body), still feel an interest in a little quiet fireside "ecclesiology," will find much gratification and amusement from this work.

Journal of the Week.

July 7.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Parliamentary.—In the House of Commons yesterday the debate on Mr. Hume's motion for Parliamentary Reform was resumed by Mr. B. Osborne, who advocated a residential test as a means of enfranchising the best educated mechanics, and commented on the anomalies which the small boroughs pre-

sented, with the view of shewing the necessity for new electoral districts. He combatted Lord J. Russell's assertion that the House of Commons was not an aristocratic institution, and that Government was not carried on for the benefit of the aristocracy; at present all the offices of Government were monopolised by "great families," to the exclusion of practical men who would perform the duties more efficiently.

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd objected to further railroad progress in the path of reform, and said that Mr. Hume's proposition was founded on no principle, attained no end, and was but an instance of delusive and mischievous quackery.

Mr. Cobden said, that the list of the division on this question would shew that most of the members who represented large constituencies were in favour of the motion, and he appealed to that fact as a proof that the middle classes were anxious to extend the franchise to those who were now excluded from it. The present representative system was a sham,—neither property nor population was fairly represented under it. He did not want to increase the number of members in that House, but to give more representatives to some districts and decrease the number in others. He was convinced that the country could not be governed peaceably if the bulk of the people were excluded from the representation. If this motion were carried it would bring the legislature into harmony with the wants of the people; it would produce economy and retrenchment, and an equitable appropriation and imposition of the public taxation. He wished to bring the virtues and talents and frugality of the industrious classes into the public service; for it was not to the gentry but to the middle classes that our improvements in arts, literature, manufactures, and commerce, were mainly attributable.

After a long discussion, in which the principal speakers were Mr. M. Milnes and Mr. S. Herbert against, and Lord Dudley Stuart and Mr. Muntz in favour of the motion, the House divided, when the numbers were, for the motion 84, against it 351.

—Despatches have been received from New Zealand, dated the 13th and 17th of March last, reporting that the whole country about Wanganui in that colony remained perfectly quiet; and that Governor Grey had every reason for believing that there was no probability whatever of any disturbances again occurring at or in that neighbourhood. The Governor, indeed, was enabled to report generally, that peace and tranquillity prevailed throughout every portion of the colony; that the revenue was rapidly increasing, and internal commerce greatly extending itself; and that the native population were making steady and sensible progress in the arts of civilised life.

FOREIGN.

Paris continues quiet, but considerable anxiety is felt as the time for the trial of the prisoners approaches.

In the National Assembly on Wednesday the Minister of Finance announced with respect to the bill for the purchase of the railroads by the State, that though the Government maintained the right of expropriation, it did not intend to exercise that right at present.

The War Committee authorised the assembling an army of 50,000 men in the vicinity of Paris, as proposed by the Government.

—The last despatches from the French West India islands announce the arrival of the two Commissaries-General of the Republic, whose presence, together with the official promulgation of the abolition of slavery, had produced a most favourable effect. At Martinique the blacks had resumed their labours, and tranquillity prevailed throughout the island. Guadeloupe was likewise tranquil.

—A letter, dated Vienna, 29th ult., says that the negotiations opened with Milan for the conclusion of peace are said to have been broken off. Austria is determined not to give up the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, unless Italy take a portion of the Austrian debt, amounting to 100,000,000 florins. The Provisional Government of Milan will not submit to that condition, nor consent to the annexation of Venice to the Austrian dominions. The Provisional Government even claimed the Italian Tyrol.

—The *Wiener Zeitung* states that 700 insurgents marched on the 23d ult. upon the city of Weisskirchen, and that the commander of that place, without making the smallest resistance, gave up the town, with three pieces of artillery, 215 muskets, 30 cwt. of powder, and one company of soldiers. The *Breslau Zeitung* says that a sanguinary engagement had taken place in this neighbourhood between the Germans and the Illyrians.

—Letters from St. Petersburg confirm the accounts of the fearful progress of the cholera. The malady broke out in the Russian capital on the 24th ult., and an immense number of patients have already succumbed beneath its virulence. Six hospitals have been prepared for the reception of cholera patients alone. In Moscow it is decimating the population. In

two days (the 11th and 12th of June), of 222 patients, 122, or more than one half, died. It is affirmed, moreover, that the disease has appeared in twenty other "governments" or districts in the southern parts of the empire.

—Accounts from Naples to the 28th of June state that the mail communication with Calabria is wholly stopped, and hence all is uncertainty as to the progress of the insurrection in that province; but the general character of the reports received shew that the royal cause is in imminent jeopardy—an apprehension which gains strength from the fact that four more steamers with troops had just been hurriedly despatched as a reinforcement. While this state of things prevails in the country, the city has its agitations of a no less serious description. The Parliament was to open in three days; but every thing in respect to it was in disorder. Very few deputies were in the city; and the King, who now never moves out, had intimated his intention of not being present in person. At the same time the city swarmed with lazzaroni, rendered insolent to the last degree by their triumph on the 15th of May, and ready to repeat, on the slightest encouragement from the King or his Ministers, all the atrocities of that occasion.

—From the United States we learn that the treaty with Mexico has at length been ratified; but that this event, though anxiously looked for, was received with little expression of pleasure, which may be accounted for by the excited state of the country on the subject of the presidency. General Cass is the Democratic, and Mr. Clay and General Taylor the Whig candidates.

July 8.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Parliamentary.—The House of Commons last night went into Committee on the Sugar duties. On the first resolution being proposed, Mr. Barkly moved as an amendment, that the duties now in force should be continued for six years. He likewise proposed to alter the sample standard, by which the duty was placed on inferior sugars, and to substitute for it the new standard of Mr. Goulburn on white clayed sugars. He contended that his proposition was superior to that of the Government, both as a commercial measure and as a measure of relief to the West Indian interest.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer vindicated the Government plan from the objections Mr. Barkly had urged against it, and said that his amendment would have the effect of enhancing the price of sugar generally in the British market.

Considerable discussion followed, and Lord G. Bentinck moved that the Chairman report progress, and ask leave to sit again. This was strenuously opposed by Lord J. Russell, and upon a division the motion was negative by more than two to one. Immediately afterwards, however, it was moved that the Chairman do now leave the Chair, which, after some discussion, was carried, and the debate was adjourned to Monday.

The House then went into Committee of Supply, and on its resuming, Lord J. Russell stated that he intended to move the second reading of the Bill for Diplomatic Relations with Rome on Monday fortnight.

FOREIGN.

In Paris the *rappel* was beaten at an early hour on Thursday, to call together the National Guard to assist at the funeral ceremonies in honour of those who fell fighting on the side of order in the late insurrection. It was intended that the bodies of the slain should be conveyed with the utmost pomp to the Column of July (Place de la Bastille), and there inurned with the victors of July 1830 and of February 1840; but in consequence, says the *Journal des Débats*, of "the preparations for their reception under the Column of July not being completed," they were placed provisionally in the vaults of the Madeleine. The true reason is believed to have been the discovery by the Government of an intention by some of the defeated party to shoot General Cavaignac and some of his colleagues as the procession moved on. The weather was superb, and the ceremonies were carried through without interruption.

The number of persons arrested as being concerned in the insurrection is said to amount to about 10,000. The committee of inquiry instituted by the National Assembly has examined several members of the Provisional Government and of the Executive Committee.

The National Assembly on Wednesday passed a vote of censure on M. Carnot, Minister for Public Instruction, in consequence of the publication, under his auspices, of a *Manuel Republicain*, said to inculcate the doctrines of communism. He has since been replaced in his office by M. Vaulabelle.

—An armistice for three months has been agreed to between Germany and Denmark, through the good offices of the King of Sweden. The German troops are to evacuate the Duchies, and the Danish troops Alsen. The Provisional Government is to continue to carry on the administration in the Duchies until a new administration shall have been formed out of natives of the Duchies, two members to be named by the

King of Denmark and two by the King of Prussia; the President to be named by those four, by mutual agreement; but if they cannot agree, by England. All blockades are to cease immediately; all prisoners, military and political, are to be set at liberty without delay; the captured vessels and their cargoes to be released, and the military requisitions made in Jutland to be set off by Germany against such cargoes of German ships as may have been sold already. If, within three months, the preliminaries of peace be not agreed upon, one month's notice to be given for both parties to resume the military positions they now hold.

The King of Prussia has written an autograph letter to the Archduke John, expressing his satisfaction at the election of the Archduke to the presidency of the Germanic Confederation, and promising to support him in that high station with all the weight of his power and influence.

—The committee on military matters has reported to the Frankfort Diet that the number of soldiers now actually under arms is 510,000. The committee advert to the insufficiency of this number, and move that the armed forces of Germany shall at once be increased by 140,000 men, and that a force of 340,000 shall be kept ready for service, partly at four, partly at twelve, weeks' notice.

—Accounts from St. Petersburg state, that up to the 24th of June no less than 1000 cases of cholera had been officially proclaimed, three-fourths of which proved fatal.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the 2d has a long and formidable account of military preparations now going forward in Riga. The army, it appears, is fully equipped for war, and the equipments continue daily. The walls of the fortress bristle with cannon, and the troops have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice.

July 10.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Mr. Martin, the proprietor of the *Irish Felon*, for whose apprehension a warrant was issued on Monday last, surrendered himself on Saturday, and was taken before a magistrate, by whom he was committed to take his trial, under the new Act, for certain articles which had appeared in that paper. Immediately after the surrender of Mr. Martin a body of police entered the office of the *Felon*, and seized all the copies of the paper exposed for sale, and carried them away. Those in the possession of the newsvendors met a similar fate; and orders have been given to the Post-office authorities to prevent the despatch of the *Felon* through that department, so that, although the types and presses have not been yet laid hold of, the journal is virtually suppressed for this week at least.

Mr. Devin Reilly has written to the Attorney-general, avowing himself the author of some of the articles with the publication of which Mr. Martin is charged, and tendering himself as responsible for them instead of Mr. Martin. Mr. Lalor has followed the same course.

On Saturday evening Mr. Duffy was arrested, and brought to College Green Police-office, charged under the recent Act with felony. The Magistrate committed him for trial at the next commission, which will be held on the 8th of August. Bail was offered, but refused. The police seized all documents in writing, books, and papers in the office and house, which remained in their custody.

FOREIGN.

M. Lamartine has addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Constitutionnel*:

"Sir,—Through respect for the crisis of my country, as well as for the good sense of the public, I have not noticed the torrent of malevolence, of calumny, and of absurdity which is always showered down for some time upon the names, the acts, and the intentions of men, whom events raise or precipitate in a period of rebellion. Light will burst forth and expose each fact, and give to every man his true physiognomy. I am not impatient, because I have confidence in the future; but I have just read, in your number of the 6th July, part of an article taken from the *Journal des Débats*, an article in which calumny is pushed even to the following imputations:—'The pavement was scarcely replaced during the last days of February, when the new Government bethought itself of raising barricades, in case of necessity, against the National Guard, and against that portion of the population which, it was pretended, was animated with a reactionary spirit,—an accusation which henceforth is attached to all friends of social order. They formed a battalion of barricades secretly, whose members were to serve as instructors in all quarters; and they were taught theoretically the art of constructing them with the greatest possible rapidity, and that of disposing them with the greatest advantage. The barricades were marked on a plan of Paris. The edifices and the public monuments were likewise marked on it, which were to be converted into central citadels. Nobody can, after that, be astonished at the scientific combinations displayed by the insurgents of June. They followed a plan traced under the auspices

of the very Government.'—I confess, sir, that these odious lines force me for the first time to break that silence which I had imposed upon myself until the proper time for explanations. To be thus transformed into a professor of civil war, of carnage—I, who offered my breast every day during four months to save even a single drop of my fellow-citizens' blood! There is no denying this. A cry of indignation, which I beg you will record, bursts from my very heart. Receive, sir, the assurance of my perfect consideration,

LAMARTINE,

Ex-member of the Provisional Government and of the Commission of the Executive Government."

"Paris, July 6th."

M. Garnier Pagès and M. Pagnerre, Secretary-general to the Provisional Government, have also written a formal contradiction to this statement.

The following letter from M. Emile de Girardin appeared in *La Réforme* of Friday:

"Arrested without cause, and detained in solitary confinement during eleven days, although there had not existed, and there does not exist, the slightest proof or accusation against me; scarcely interrogated as a matter of form, and at length released as irregularly as I had been incarcerated, without a single document communicated by which I might learn why I was deprived of my liberty on the 25th of June, and why it was restored to me on the 5th of July,—my first act is to protest against the sequestration of the journal *La Presse*—a double attack on liberty and property which I reserve to myself to discuss as soon as the *Presse*, of which the *matériel* continues under seals, reappears.

E. DE GIRARDIN."

The *Moniteur* publishes a notice to the editors of journals, informing them that no newspaper will be allowed to appear after the 12th of July unless the proprietor has previously deposited the security in money required by the law of December 1830; but General Cavaignac stated in the National Assembly that the moment the Government felt itself sufficiently armed against a portion of the press, it would relax the rigour of the state of siege as respected newspapers, and that all questions relative to the press, particularly to the caution-money, were to be reserved for future discussion.

The funeral of the Archbishop of Paris took place on Friday. The body of the deceased prelate, attired in his sacred ornaments and borne on a sort of couch by eight National Guards, was preceded by the whole of the Parisian clergy and other religious bodies of the capital, and by a deputation of Representatives of the people. The couch was surrounded by the Bishops who officiated in the funeral service; the procession was completed by a body of National Guards and regular troops. The funeral train entered Notre Dame Cathedral at half-past 11 o'clock in the morning, having left the Archevêché at about 10. The arms on the panels of the carriage of the English Ambassador, who attended the ceremony, particularly attracted the attention of the crowd.

Major Constantin, one of the officers charged with the investigation of the facts connected with the conspiracy of June, has been arrested. He was interrogating one of the insurgents, and treating him somewhat harshly, when the latter asked him if he was not M. Constantin, who was to be appointed Minister of War had the insurrection succeeded, and who repeatedly came to encourage them at the barricades, dressed in a blouse and a *casquette*. M. Constantin attempted no defence, and several other insurgents having recognised him, and confirmed the statement of their comrade, the Colonel presiding over the Council of War ordered him to be arrested. M. Constantin inhabited the Faubourg St. Antoine, and was chief of the Cabinet of the Ministry of War under General Subervie.

Doubts as to the use of poison, or of the intentional alteration of the usual form of projectiles, of which the insurgents had been accused, begin to be entertained by the faculty of Paris.

—At the sitting of the Berlin Chamber on the 4th inst., the President of the Cabinet, Von Auerswald, made a brief statement of the present position of the Prussian Government with regard to the great German question and the proceedings of the Diet at Frankfort. The Government is convinced of the necessity of appointing a Provisional Central Executive authority in the person of the Lieutenant of the Empire (we have no precise equivalent for the title *Reichsverweser*), and accepts the election of the Archduke John of Austria. It approves, too, the investing him with irresponsibility. The only point about which the Ministry seems to doubt is, the power transferred to him from the Diet of declaring war and making peace.

The King of Saxony has also signified his acquiescence in the election of the Archduke John by a message to his Chambers.

—The discussion on the address was still proceeding in the Roman Chamber of Deputies on the 28th ult. M. Sterbini proposed, first, that the Chamber should insert in the address a paragraph in favour of Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, and, second, that the Chamber should invite the Sovereign Pontiff to convoke an Italian Diet at Rome, the only city

worthy to be the centre of Italian unity. These two propositions were unanimously adopted.

July 11.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Parliamentary.—The House of Commons last night resolved itself again into a Committee of the whole House on the Sugar duties; and the discussion on Mr. Barkly's amendment on the Government resolution was resumed. After a long debate, in which Mr. Hume, Lord G. Bentinck, Lord J. Russell, and Mr. Goulburn took part, the amendment was lost by a majority of 180 to 124. Two other amendments were proposed, but finally the Government resolutions were carried, and the Chairman was ordered to report them to the House this day.

—Six of the chief actors in the meetings at Bonner's Fields, &c. in the beginning of June, have been tried at the Central Criminal Court, and found guilty of sedition and riot. They were all sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and to find security for their good behaviour afterwards for periods of from two to five years.

—Messrs. O'Doherty and Williams, the registered proprietors of the *Irish Tribune*, were arrested on Monday, and committed to Newgate on a charge of felony for articles which have appeared in that paper.

The organisation of clubs is still proceeding with the utmost vigour all over Ireland. Mr. Meagher, it is said, has gone on a mission to America.

FOREIGN.

In Paris the work of disarmament and arrest still continues. The preliminary proceedings for the trial of the prisoners are being actively carried on, but are not likely to terminate for a considerable time. Excitement is kept up by almost hourly reports of attempted assassination, and it is stated that every day conflicts take place in the wood of Romainville between refugee insurgents and the National Guard.

The papers of Monday are chiefly occupied with the question whether, under the new Constitution, there shall be two Chambers or only one, the prevailing belief appearing to be, that two Chambers and a President, after the American model, would be the form adopted.

The Committee of Public Instruction of the National Assembly have chosen M. Carnot to be their President, with only five dissentient votes, which is regarded as a triumph over his enemies in the National Assembly.

The Abbé Sibour has been appointed Archbishop of Paris. He was born at St. Paul Trois Châteaux, in the department of the Drome, on the 4th of April, 1792. He was elevated to the episcopacy on the 30th of September, 1830, and was consecrated on the 24th of February following. He was a canon of Nismes, and enjoys the reputation of being a distinguished preacher. His work on Diocesan Institutions proves him to possess administrative capacities of a very high order.

—It is reported that the King of Prussia has declined to ratify the proposed armistice without the consent of the German Parliament at Frankfort. The feeling of the Germans against the terms of the treaty is said to be very strong.

—From Naples we learn that the opening of the Chambers, which had been so anxiously looked for, took place on the 1st inst., and although it passed off without any disturbance, its effect has been very unsatisfactory. The speech delivered by the Duke of Serra Capriola, as delegate of the King, who still keeps himself in close seclusion, was ambiguous and inflated, and containing not a single word of allusion to either of the topics which form the sole subject of public anxiety—the separation of Sicily and the rising of the Calabrese—had created general disappointment. On the 3d the Chambers met, but could not proceed to business, only 71 deputies and 33 peers having assembled, while the law requires that of the entire number of 164 deputies and 78 peers an absolute majority should be present. This apathy or caution has created much uneasiness in the public mind.

—Letters from Palermo of the 24th of June state that at that time the Parliament was discussing the form of Government and the choice of a King. The great majority were for a constitutional monarchy, and the choice seemed likely to fall on the Duke of Genoa, son of the King of Sardinia; the son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose chance would otherwise have been favourable, being a minor, and it being wished to avoid a regency.

July 12.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Parliamentary.—In the House of Lords yesterday the Bishop of Oxford moved the third reading of the bill for the protection of Females, but it was opposed by all the law lords, and rejected.

In the House of Commons the report on the Sugar duties, after an amendment fixing the imposition of the duties on the

10th of July instead of the 5th had been made in the resolutions, was agreed to, and leave was given to bring in a bill upon them.

The adjourned debate on the motion, that it be an instruction to the Committee on the Encumbered Estates (Ireland) bill to extend its provisions to England and Scotland, was then resumed, but after some discussion the motion was withdrawn, the House went into committee on the bill *pro forma*, and further proceedings were adjourned till Thursday.

—Lord Clarendon seems determined to exert all his power for the suppression of the newspapers belonging to the violent section of Repealers, and it is reported that warrants have been issued for the arrest of several more of the contributors to them. To add to the difficulties of the Government, the Orangemen have decided upon celebrating the ensuing 12th of July by marching in procession with music and all the paraphernalia which for some years past it has been thought advisable to leave in abeyance, and a large extra force of police and military has been sent into the North in consequence.

A meeting of the society for the promotion of Colonisation was held at the Hanover-Square Rooms yesterday. The Earl of Harrowby took the chair, and was supported by Lord Ashley, Lord Monteagle, Lord Farnham, Mr. Hodges, M.P., Mr. F. Scott, M.P., Sir T. D. Acland, M.P., Mr. V. Smith, M.P., Mr. Boyd, M.P., Mr. Dundas, M.P., Mr. Slaney, M.P., Mr. Montague Gore, Mr. Arthur Mills, Dr. Lang, Captain Maconochie, &c. &c. Resolutions expressive of the necessity of more extended and more systematic colonisation were agreed to.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From Paris there is but little news. The *Représentant du Peuple* and the *Peuple Constituant* newspapers have been suspended, by order of the Executive Government—the former for an article it contained on Sunday last, written and signed by the editor, M. Proudhon, a member of the National Assembly. It is said that permission to prosecute him for sedition will be demanded of the Assembly.

The accounts from the provinces are favourable, and there are symptoms of an improvement in trade, and consequent increase in employment for the workmen.

—The deputation from the German Parliament at Frankfurt commissioned to offer to Archduke John the Regentship of Germany, arrived at Vienna on the 4th inst. The inhabitants of Vienna assembled on the quays and greeted the deputies with enthusiastic cheers. They were received by committees of the citizens, National Guards, and students, and conducted to the carriages which had been sent from the imperial "remises." The procession was opened by a detachment of mounted National Guard, whom the imperial carriages followed. Another troop of National Guards on horseback headed a file of several hundred carriages with the members of the different committees. The people cheered immensely, and the band struck up the patriotic tune "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland!" The procession conducted the deputies to the house which had been prepared for their reception. The next morning, they were conducted in a similar manner to the imperial palace, where they were introduced to Archduke John. They found him surrounded by his ministers, the ambassadors of all the German States, and by his staff. After an address of Baron Adrian, who presented the letter of the National Assembly, and a speech of Mr. Heckscher, Archduke John replied:

"Gentlemen,—I feel flattered and honoured by my election to the important office of a Regent. The Diet has informed me of the assent of the German Governments to this election. The confidence and kind feelings thus shewn me place me under great obligations. I am fully sensible of the honour, but also of the importance and the difficulties of the dignity you have conferred upon me. May God strengthen me to justify that confidence for the welfare of the German nation! May all patriots unite to assist me in my task! Unity, moderation, disinterestedness, and love of justice alone can promote the great end we all have in view. Gentlemen, I assure you I have no other ambition than to devote all my remaining strength to our common country. My present position is rather embarrassed. I cannot now fix the time at which I shall be allowed to enter upon the duties of the Regency, but I intend at once to communicate with the Emperor, my most gracious Lord, in order to effect an understanding about the manner in which the duties of my new position may be reconciled to the confidence he places in me."

The Regent of Germany appeared next on the grand balcony of the Castle, surrounded by the deputation. 101 guns were fired from the walls, the bands of music played the national anthem, and the people in the Palace square, yielding to the enthusiasm of the moment, sang the words of that hymn. The Regent received meanwhile the congratulations of the Corps Diplomatique, of the Ministers, the National Guards, &c. The deputation returned in the manner they had come, accompanied and followed by an immense number of Viennese,

whom Mr. Heckscher and Raveaux addressed, amidst almost unceasing cheers.

July 13.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Parliamentary.—In the House of Commons yesterday, on the reading of the order of the day for going into committee on the Sunday Trading Bill, Mr. B. Wall proposed that the House go into the said committee on that day six months, and complained of the surreptitious manner in which Mr. Hindley had smuggled the second reading of the bill through the House at half-past 2 o'clock on the morning of Saturday last. The evidence taken before the committee on the bill did not justify the Puritan rigidity of its enactments. The only principle which he saw in it was, that it gave a little more protection to the rich than it did to the poor.

Mr. Slaney seconded the amendment, denouncing the bill as a petty, peddling interference with the comforts and amusements of the working classes. It allowed the rich to give large parties and to use their carriages and horses on Sundays, and prohibited the poor man, whose only day of recreation was the Sabbath, from purchasing any refreshment for himself and family on his road into the country on that day.

Mr. Alcock and Sir De L. Evans supported the principle of the bill, as did also Colonel Thompson, who, however, stipulated that the bill must contain no infringement on the liberties of the working classes.

Sir B. Hall said, that if the bill as it now stood was to be persevered in, without introducing some provisions which should put the higher classes of the community on the same footing with the other classes, if it was to be merely an exclusive bill, interfering with the privileges, advantages, and amusements of the lower orders of society, then he should say it was a most objectionable measure. On the other hand, if it was intended to put all classes upon the same footing, and to enact that no peer, member of Parliament, or person high in society, should enjoy any amusements denied to the poorer classes, then this bill would not accomplish its object, and had better be withdrawn.

Mr. Hindley quoted the opinion of the Archbishop of Canterbury in support of some more efficient legislation on this subject, and denied the imputation that this was a bill for the rich against the poor.

Mr. Hume said it was not just to the poor, who were forced to toil late, and received their wages on a Saturday night, to shut the door of every shop against them on a Sunday.

Sir G. Grey believed that Sunday was now better observed than formerly, and the observance of that day would, in his opinion, be better promoted by the encouragement of moral and religious feelings in the community than by legislation. He thought that there were very grave objections to that part of this bill which limited its operation to a district of fifteen miles round the metropolis. He recommended Mr. Hindley to withdraw it for the present.

Sir E. Buxton supported the bill.

Mr. C. Berkeley stated that a boy was carried off by the police for selling a few figs on a Sunday, opposite to Sir E. Buxton's brewery, at the very moment that the hon. baronet and his partners were carrying on the process of brewing on an enormous scale. The present bill was a species of class legislation, and he should therefore give it his decided opposition.

Sir E. Buxton said that no work was carried on in his brewery on a Sunday except works of absolute necessity.

After a few remarks from Mr. Brotherton and Mr. Spooner in support of, and from Mr. Muntz in opposition to, the bill, the House divided, when the numbers were,—

For the motion	75
Against it	47
Majority in its favour	28

The bill then passed through committee, the House resumed, and it was fixed that the bill should be recommitted on Friday.

Mr. Moffat then moved the second reading of the Qualification of Members Bill, which may be shortly described as a bill for the disqualification of all members who were either unwilling or unable to pay their just debts. He was, however, persuaded to withdraw it for this session.

—It is reported that Mr. T. F. Meagher has been arrested at Waterford, and that he was brought to Dublin yesterday under an escort of police.

A meeting of the United Repealers of Dublin was held on Tuesday evening at the Music-hall, for the purpose of adopting the necessary arrangements for the organisation of the Irish League. The meeting was numerous and respectfully attended, the hall being densely filled in every part. The chair was taken by the Hon. Mr. Barnwell. Resolutions affirming the expediency of forming the League, and embodying the rules for its government, having been adopted, the following gentlemen were appointed the working committee for carrying out

its objects:—C. G. Duffy, J. Martin, R. D. Williams, R. J. O'Dogherty, Sir C. O'Loughlen, Bart., W. S. O'Brien, J. H. Dunne, W. J. O'Neill Daunt, A. R. Stritch, T. F. Meagher, J. Burke, J. B. Dillon, M. Leyne, the Rev. T. O'Malley, R. O'Gorman, senior and junior, T. D. M'Ghee, R. Barnwell, Dr. Cave (Kilkenny), J. Nugent, R. Walsh, J. Fitzgerald, J. Loughlan, Simon Creagh, E. Murphy, the Rev. Mr. Daly, and the Rev. J. Hughes (Claremorris.)

—Advices from Sierra Leone to the 17th of May mention the recent landing of upwards of 1000 negroes, captured from slavers by various Government vessels, and that further arrivals are expected. A large proportion of these blacks are described as belonging to some of the finest African races.

FOREIGN.

In the French National Assembly on Tuesday, the Minister of the Interior presented a project of decree on the security in money required for the publication of journals. That security, which lately amounted to 100,000 francs in the departments of the Seine, Seine and Oise, and Seine and Marne, was to be reduced to less than one-fourth. The proprietors of all journals published in those departments more than twice a week shall deposit in the Treasury a security of 21,000f.; those appearing only twice a week, 18,000f.; once a week, 12,000f.; more than once a month, 6000f. In cities of 50,000 inhabitants and upwards, the security is to be 6000f.; and in the towns containing less than 50,000 inhabitants, 3500f. The proprietors of journals which appeared since the 24th of February last are to be allowed a delay of twenty days to deposit the required security, and those existing previous to that date shall be reimbursed the surplus in the course of six months.

The Minister next deposited,—1. A project of decree relative to the repression of offences and crimes committed by the press, which differed little from the existing legislation; and 2. A project of decree relative to clubs and secret societies. This last decree recognises the right of all citizens to establish clubs, but their opening must be preceded by a declaration to that effect, addressed to the authorities forty-eight hours before, containing the names and qualities of the founders, the place, day, and hour of their meeting, &c. The proceedings are to be public.

—Letters from Milan of the 6th inst. state that intelligence had reached that city, that the fusion of the Venetian countries and Upper Italy had been proclaimed on the 3d.

The *Piedmontese Gazette* of the 7th inst. contains accounts from the Gulf of Trieste, stating that the Venetian navy had pronounced themselves strongly in favour of the union with Piedmont.

—The *Augsburg Gazette* of the 7th inst. states that a revolution has broken out at Bucharest. Prince Bibesco, in attempting to escape, was fired at simultaneously by three Boyars, but without effect, although one of the bullets grazed his epaulette. The details of the insurrection are as yet unknown. Thus much seems certain, that on receiving information of it, the Russian and Turkish troops stationed on the frontiers immediately invaded the country.

The occupation of Moldavia by Russian troops is positively affirmed by several credible authorities. The Russian Consul-General, M. Duhamel, had hastened from Jassy to Bucharest, and thence to Servia.

—The *Magdeburger Zeitung* has a letter from Warsaw of the 4th inst., stating that the late numerous arrests have made it necessary to empty the prisons of their former inmates, part of whom were confined on suspicion of having participated in the Cracow insurrection of 1846. Forty of them have consequently been sent off to Siberia, after having first undergone the tortures of "running the gauntlet." Mazarki, who was arrested at Magdeburg, and given up to the Russians, suffered 1000 strokes. Others had 800 and 500. After having received 800 strokes, Mazarki was unable to proceed. He was put on a cart, and dragged through the lines, and in this manner he suffered the rest of the prescribed strokes. There is but little chance of his recovery, as his back is literally torn to pieces.

Miscellaneous.

PLAN FOR CONNECTING THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.

THE project in the United States for a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific seems likely, now that the war with Mexico is ended, to become a subject of practical consideration, and in a letter published by Lieutenant Maury, of the American navy, we have a clear view of the most prominent bearings of the undertaking. The route hitherto proposed has been a northern one from New York up to Chicago, and thence to Oregon and the Columbia river; but Lieutenant Maury contends that the dangerous navigation at the mouth of the Columbia, and the

fact of this outlet being effectually commanded by the British possession of Vancouver's Island, constitute insuperable objections to it. He therefore proposes that the line should commence from the port of Charleston, in South Carolina, to Memphis, in Tennessee, and thence to Monterey or San Francisco, in California. From Charleston to Tennessee a railroad is already completed, and the distance from Memphis to Monterey is 1500 miles. By this route the distance from the English Channel to the Pacific would be 5370 miles; by the Chicago route it would be 5320.

The general advantages of constructing a railroad to connect the two oceans through the heart of the United States consist in the fact, never lost sight of in that country, that the increase in value of the land through which it would pass would far more than cover the outlay to be incurred, and also that such a line would confer exclusive advantages on the United States, which would be lost if the communication were effected by the old scheme of a canal across the isthmus of Panama. The particular recommendations of the California over the Oregon route are, the secure nature of its harbours, their convenient position for the 300 American vessels annually employed in the whaling expeditions in the Pacific, and the central point they would present for the establishment of a great naval station and dockyard, San Francisco being midway between the southern and northern boundary of the American possessions on this coast, which now extend about 1000 miles.

By the construction of the contemplated route, Lieutenant Maury asserts the United States would be placed in a position to command the trade of the entire East. "Hitherto," he says, "in all parts of the world, except Europe and the West Indies, the ships of the two great competitors on the ocean have met on barely equal terms." To reach home from India, China, New Holland, the islands of the Pacific, or the ports of South America, an American and British ship had both to pursue the same route, although the course of one was terminated at Liverpool while the other had to proceed to New York. "But now that Oregon and California are Americanised, all of these ports are nearer; and the chief among them, as Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, the ports of China, Japan, New Holland, Australia, Polynesia, and the islands of the East, many thousand miles nearer to the United States than they are to England."

The following is a table of comparative distances to England and California, from various places in the Eastern and Southern Seas:

	To England.	To ports of California.
From Persian Gulf	11,300 Miles.	10,400 Miles.
" Bombay	11,500 "	9,800 "
" Calcutta	12,300 "	9,300 "
" Singapore	12,300 "	7,400 "
" Canton	13,700 "	6,100 "
" Shanghai	14,400 "	5,400 "
" Jeddo (Japan)	15,200 "	4,500 "
" New Guinea	14,000 "	6,000 "
" North-west point of New Holland	11,800 "	7,800 "
" North-east ditto	13,500 "	6,900 "
" New Zealand	13,500 "	5,600 "

AN INTRUDER ON SEA-BATHERS.—A few days ago, as one of the fishermen of Hunstanton, Norfolk, was employed catching crabs near the shore of that watering place, he observed something of a most formidable size approaching him in the water. The tide was receding, and the man, who was without companions, was within fifty yards of the shore, but much above the waist in the sea, when, nothing daunted, he struck a severe blow at his new acquaintance, which he soon discovered to be a shark. A regular combat ensued, the man aiming heavy blows at the head of the fish, and the latter fighting with his tail, with which he struck the fisherman two or three times severely on the chest. The man, fortunately for himself, never lost his footing, his presence of mind, or his strength, and ultimately succeeded in capturing the monster. The tide continuing to ebb, the shark was left on the dry sands, where the old man was seen standing, with much satisfaction, over his captured enemy. The shark measured nine feet in length, and was presumed to weigh about 30 stone. The spot on which it was first seen was close to the place frequented by bathers, a machine having on that day frequently conveyed parties there.

VEGETABLE INSTINCT.—If a pan of water be placed within six inches on either side of the stem of a young pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will, in the course of the night, approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of its leaves floating on the water. This experiment may be continued nightly until the plant begins to fruit. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus, or scarlet runner, it will find it although the prop be shifted daily. If, after it has twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position or die in

the attempt; yet notwithstanding, if two of these plants grow near each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of its spiral, and they will twine round each other. Duhamel placed some kidney beans in a cylinder of moist earth; after a short time they began to germinate, of course sending the plume upwards to the light and the root down into the soil. After a few days the cylinder was turned one-fourth round, and again and again this was repeated, until an entire revolution of the cylinder had been completed. The beans were then taken out of the earth, and it was found that both the plume and radicle had bent to accommodate themselves to every revolution, and the one in its effort to ascend perpendicularly, and the other to descend, had formed a perfect spiral. But although the natural tendency of the roots is downwards, if the soil beneath be dry, and any damp substance be above, the roots will ascend to reach it.—*Farmers' Magazine.*

FALL OF A MOUNTAIN.—The rock known by the name of the Dent de Naye, which was 7000 feet high, fell on the 3d. inst. into the valley of Montreux (Vaud), and destroyed seven houses and all the persons in them. It is said that upwards of 2000 head of cattle have been killed in the fields.

CORRESPONDENCE: ROOD-SCREENS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

MR. EDITOR.—Could you prevail on the correspondent who gives an account of the opening of St. George's in last Saturday's *Rambler*, or on any of your readers who may have formed clear views on the subject, to state the "theological objections" to rood-screens. By doing so, especially in a paper in your valuable periodical, a great favour will, I am sure, be conferred on many of your readers who may be concerned in the erection of churches; and also would be glad to have good grounds on which to base a judgment either *pro* or *con* on this much vexed question.—I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant in Christ, A COUNTRY PRIEST.

[We shall take an early opportunity of complying with the wish of our Correspondent.—Ed.]

AGENTS FOR INDIA.

Calcutta: Colvin, Ansley, Cowie, and Co.; Rosario and Co.
Bombay: Woller and Co.; J. A. Briggs.
Madras: Binney and Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

—THIS EVENING will be performed, Rossini's Opera LA DONNA DEL LAGO. Elena, Madame Grisi; Malcolm, Mademoiselle Albani; Albini, Madame Bellini; Giacomo V., Signor Mario; Douglas, Signor Marini; Rodrigo, Signor Tamburini; Serano, Signor Lavia. The grand finale of the first act, representing the gathering of the clans, will be executed by two military bands, in addition to the usual orchestra; the music of the chief Bards being performed by Signor Tagliacozzo, Signor Polonini, Signor Soldi, Signor Luigi Mei, Signor Corradi Setti, and Signor Rovere. Composer, director of the music, and conductor, Mr. Costa. To conclude with the grand Divertissement entitled FLORA ET ZEPHYR (from the ballet of "Manon Lescaut"), in which Mdlle. Lucile Grahn will appear.—Commence at Eight.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—THIS EVENING

Mozart's Opera LE NOZZE DI FIGARO: Susanna, Mdlle. Jenny Lind; Countess, Mdlle. Sofia Cruvelli; Cherubino, Mdlle. Schwartz; Count Almaviva, Sig. Coletti; Figaro, Sig. Belletti; Antonio, Sig. Bouche; Doctor Bartolo, Sig. Lablache. To conclude with LES QUATRE SAISONS, comprising the talents of Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi, Mdlle. Carolina Rosati, Mdlle. Marie Taglioni, Mdlle. Cerito, &c. &c. Doors open at half-past seven; commence at eight.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—

Entirely new and important EXPERIMENTS in ELECTRICITY, by Isham Baggs, Esq., illustrating the Phenomena of Thunder-storms and the cause of Lightning, in Lectures on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 o'clock, and in the evenings of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 9 o'clock. Popular Lectures by Dr. Ryan and Dr. Bachoffner.—Dioramic effects are exhibited in the new Dissolving Views, which, with the Chromatrope and Microscope, are shown on the large disc.—Experiments with the Diver and Diving-bell.—New Machinery and Models described.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, half-price.—The new Catalogue, 1s.

CREMORNE.—AQUATIC TOURNAMENTS on

the THAMES, on MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY next.—The Lessee has the honour to announce that the next aquatic entertainment will take place at 5 o'clock on the day above named, in front of the Grand River Esplanade, on a scale of extended splendour, eclipsing any thing of the kind ever attempted in this country, and in which will be introduced several novelties of a most attractive character. In order to give due effect to this peculiar entertainment, arrangements have been made with first-rate Wrestlers from Devon, and with military men for the Broad Sword Exercise—Tilting with the Lance, &c.—Diving at the Buoy—Walking the Oscillatory Pole—Swimming Matches, and other Feats of Natation. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert—Laurent's Band of 50 Performers—Casino d'Été—First night of the new ballet, Le Diable de Bois—Magnificent Firework Temple—Grand Pyrotechnic Tableaux, by the Chevalier Mortram—Brilliant Illuminations, &c.—Admission 1s.

ST. GEORGE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH,

SOUTHWARK.—TO-MORROW, SUNDAY the 16th, being the Feast of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, there will be a SOLEMN MASS sung in the presence of the Bishop, and a SERMON, at Eleven o'clock. Vespers and Pontifical Benediction at Half-past Six, at which the Right Rev. BISHOP WISEMAN will preach.

N.B. Omnibuses from every part of Town and its Vicinity continually pass the Church, or within two minutes' walk of it. The new Station of the South Western Railway in the Waterloo Road is about a quarter of a mile from St. George's. Parties coming by this Railway can return after Vespers by the last Trains, which leave at $\frac{1}{2}$ to 9 and 10 min. past 9.

JOSEPH LOADER, FURNITURE and LOOK-

ING-GLASS MANUFACTURER, 23 PAVEMENT, FINSBURY.—The extensive celebrity of JOSEPH LOADER'S Establishment for twenty-five years for all articles appertaining to the Upholstery Business affords a certain guarantee to all purchasers from his stock that whatever they may select will be of the most approved fashion and best workmanship, moderately charged.

A tasteful assortment suitable to the decoration of the Dining, Drawing-room, Library, and Boudoir, is uniformly kept, comprising Chairs, Tables, Pier and Chimney Glasses, Cheffoniers, Drawers, Wardrobes, Carpets, Mattresses, and Bedding, at regularly fixed prices, corresponding with the wants or elegances of household economy. Also Self-Acting Reclining Chairs and Couches, suitable for the ease and comfort of an invalid, offered on terms with which none but first-rate houses can successfully compete.

J. L. also begs leave to call attention to his Patent Air-tight Bedsteads, &c. as designed by him, which render the emission of any noxious effluvia an utter impossibility. They are warranted fully effective, as the most expensive Commodities. Price 11. 15s.

Descriptive Catalogues may be obtained on application by any party who may be desirous to make special contract for any requisites for the commencement or completion of housekeeping, coupled with suggestions essential to ensure comfort and respectability.

PRESENT TARIFF.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
Solid Rosewood Chairs, French polished	0 15 0	each to 1 2 0
Sets of eight Mahogany ditto	4 4 0	" 4 10 0
Sets of eight Mahogany Trafalgar	4 16 0	" 5 10 0
Gondola Easy Chairs (in leather)	1 8 0	" 1 16 0
Langham Easy Chairs, spring stuffed	1 1 0	" 1 8 0
Reclining Chairs, in leather, spring stuffed	2 0 0	" 3 5 0
Patent Reclining Chairs, with leg rest, stuffed all hair, in morocco leather, on patent castors	6 0 0	" 8 10 0
Mahogany Lounging Chairs, carved throughout, spring stuffed, in morocco, on patent castors	3 4 0	" 3 10 0
Couches, with loose squabs, all hair	2 15 0	" 3 15 0
Mahogany Loo Tables, French polished	2 11 0	" 2 14 0
Rosewood ditto, on pillars	3 10 0	" 4 8 0
Rosewood Cheffoniers, with carved back and marble tops, three feet carved	3 5 0	" 3 10 0
Four-feet carved Mahogany Sideboard, with drawers and four doors, cellarets, and trays complete, French polished	4 12 0	" 5 15 6
Mahogany Dining Tables, with sliding frames, loose leaves, and castors	3 12 6	" 5 5 0
Mahogany Bedsteads, with cornices or poles, sacking or lath bottom, polished	4 0 0	" 4 15 0
Superior ditto, massive pillars, carved, double serewed, and bracketed round	6 6 0	" 7 15 6
Three-feet-six-inch Elliptic Wash-stands, marble tops	2 12 6	" 3 12 6
Dressing Tables en suite	2 5 0	" 2 11 0
Winged Wardrobes, with drawers in centres	8 10 0	" 15 0 0
Three-feet Mahogany or Japanned Chest of Drawers	1 5 0	" 1 15 0
Chamber Chairs, with cane or willow seats	0 3 0	" 0 5 0
Chimney Glasses, in Gilt Frames, 30 by 18, to 40 by 24 inches	2 1 0	" 3 17 0
Alva or Wool Mattress, 4 feet 6 inches	0 16 6	" 0 17 6

* Shipping and country orders promptly executed, and the customary allowances made in all wholesale transactions.

JOSEPH LOADER'S Establishment, 23 Pavement, Finsbury, London, to whom it is requested, as a favour, that all letters may be addressed in full.

FAMED THROUGHOUT THE GLOBE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—DISORDER OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. J. K. Heydon, dated 73 King Street, Sydney New South Wales, the 30th September, 1847.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that Stuart A. Donaldson, Esq., an eminent merchant and agriculturist, and also a magistrate of this town, called on me on the 18th instant, and purchased your medicines to the amount of Fourteen Pounds, to be forwarded to his Sheep Stations in New England. He stated that one of his Overseers had come to Sydney some time previously for medical aid, his disorder being an affection of the Liver and Kidneys; that he had placed the man for three months under the care of one of the best Surgeons, without any good resulting from the treatment: the man then, in despair, used your Pills and Ointment, and, much to his own and Mr. Donaldson's astonishment, was completely restored to his health by their means. Now this surprising cure was effected in about ten days.

(Signed) J. K. HEYDON.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244 Strand (near Temple Bar), London, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the civilised world, at the following prices:—1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 35s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Remarkable Prediction.

This day is published, price 2d., or by Post for Three Stamps,
THE PROPHECY of ORVAL; with Proofs of its Authenticity. This remarkable Document, which details in the clearest manner all the Events from the first French Revolution downwards, including those now happening, is exciting the greatest interest on the Continent; and it is known that in Paris the greatest surveillance is kept over any person known to possess or propagate the prediction.

London: James Buras, 17 Portman Street; and by order of all Booksellers.

Just published, price 2s. 6d. in cloth, the Second and concluding Volume of

A FULL COURSE of INSTRUCTIONS for the USE of CATECHISTS; being an Explanation of the Catechism entitled "An Abridgment of Christian Doctrine."

By the Rev. JOHN PERRY.

London: T. Jones, 63 Paternoster Row, 1848.

Complete in Two Volumes, price 5s.

This Work has received the approbation of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Wareing.

Also, price Twopence,

SELF-DESTRUCTION of the PROTESTANT CHURCH: or, her Articles, Canons, and Book of Common Prayer, giving a Death-blow to each other. Addressed to all those of her Clergy who presume to attack the Catholic Church. By the Rev. JOHN PERRY.

London: C. Dolman, 61 New Bond Street.

GRANTS to CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.—The CATHOLIC POOR-SCHOOL COMMITTEE, during its recent Sitting of the 5th, 6th, and 7th July, undertook to make the following Grants:

Towards Building Schools.

Girls' School, Convent of Mercy, Liverpool, to be a Memorial to the late Dr. Gowers, R.I.P.	£230 0 0
Girls' School, Convent of Mercy, Blandford Square, London	200 0 0
S. Wilfrid's Schools, Hulme, Manchester	200 0 0
Schools of SS. Peter and Paul, Wolverhampton	150 0 0
Catholic School, Newcastle, Staffordshire	120 0 0
Catholic Poor-School, Morpeth	100 0 0
Roman Catholic School, Scarborough	100 0 0
S. Ann's School, Ughorpe	60 0 0
Schools of SS. Mary and Augustine, Rugeley, for Master's House, boundaries, &c.	50 0 0
S. Edward's School, Clifford, for Master's House	20 0 0
S. John's School, Banbury, for Alterations	20 0 0
Catholic School, Birtley, for Enlargement	10 0 0
Amount previously voted for Building	580 0 0

Total of Building Grants from Jan. 1 to July 8, 1848 £1810 0 0

Towards Supporting Schools.

S. Mary's Charity Schools, Newport-on-Uske	£30 0 0
S. Patrick's Schools, Leeds	30 0 0
Hackney Catholic Free-Schools	20 0 0
Catholic Poor-School, Dowlais	20 0 0
S. Michael's School, West Bromwich	30 0 0
Catholic School, North Shields	25 0 0
All Saints' School, Stourbridge	15 0 0
S. Mary's Catholic Schools, Oldham	30 0 0
Catholic Poor-Schools, Knaresborough	25 0 0
Catholic Schools, Deptford	30 0 0
Catholic School, Wrexham	10 0 0
S. Mary's Catholic School, Leek	15 0 0
S. Mary's Catholic School, Congleton	15 0 0
S. Alban's Catholic School, Macclesfield	20 0 0
S. Marie's Catholic School, Southport	20 0 0
S. Mary's School, Clapham	30 0 0
Catholic Schools, Fulham	30 0 0
Mount S. Marie's School, Bradford, Yorkshire	35 0 0
Roman Catholic School, Cardiff	20 0 0
Holyrood School, Barnsley	40 0 0
Catholic School, Kidderminster	15 0 0
S. Mary's Catholic School, Chorley	30 0 0
S. Mary's School, Osbaldeston	20 0 0
S. Mary's Catholic School, Fleetwood	15 0 0
Catholic School, Guernsey	30 0 0
S. Mary's School, Carlton, Selby	10 0 0
Catholic School, Hartlepool	20 0 0
Amount previously voted for support	130 0 0

Total of Supporting Grants from Jan. 1 to July 8, 1848 760 0 0
 Building Grants, as above 1810 0 0

Granted by the Catholic Poor-School Committee in Six Months towards the Building and Support of 53 Schools, providing Education for about 9230 Poor Catholic Children £2570 0 0

Applications deferred.—South Shields; Birmingham; Stella; Liscaud; Foxcote; Cobridge; S. Joseph's, Liverpool; Oxburgh; Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Applications to the Committee for aid must be made upon printed forms, which the Secretary will supply upon demand.

18 Nottingham Street,
 London.

CHARLES LANGDALE, Chairman.
 SCOTT NASMYTH STOKES, Secretary.

MOURNING.—MR. PUGH, in returning his acknowledgments for the highly distinguished patronage he has so long and liberally received, begs to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, that his *Maison de Deuil* is RE-OPENED, since the recent enlargement of the premises, with the most extensive and general assortment of MOURNING, of every description, ever submitted to the Public.

163 and 165 Regent Street, two doors from Burlington Street.

LAST WEEK.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY will continue OPEN until SATURDAY NEXT, the 23d instant, when it will FINALLY CLOSE.

Admission (every day from Eight o'clock till Seven), One Shilling. Catalogue, One Shilling.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

Exhibitors are requested to send for their Works on WEDNESDAY the 26th, or THURSDAY the 27th.

IMPORTANT PATENT IMPROVEMENT in CHRONOMETERS and WATCHES.—E. J. DENT, 82 STRAND, and 33 COCKSPUR STREET, by special appointment Chronometer, Watch, and Clockmaker to the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and who obtained the high distinction of receiving the Government Reward for the unparalleled performance of the best Chronometer ever submitted to twelve months' public trial, begs to acquaint the public that the MANUFACTURE of his WATCHES, CHRONOMETERS, and CLOCKS, is SECURED to him by THREE SEPARATE PATENTS, respectively granted in 1836, 1840, and 1842. Silver Lever Watches, jewelled in four holes, 6l. 6s. each: in gold cases, from 8l. to 10l. extra. Gold Horizontal Watches, with gold dials, from 8l. 8s. to 12l. 12s. each. Dent's "Appendix" to his recent work on "Time-keepers" is now ready for circulation.

Silver and Electro-Plate Superseded

BY RICHARD AND JOHN SLACK'S CHEMICALLY PURIFIED NICKEL SILVER.

A GOOD substitute for SILVER has long been sought after, and numerous have been the attempts to produce a perfect metal that will retain its colour when in use. How fruitless the attempts have been, the public know too well from the fact, that all their purchases have, after a few days' wear, exhibited a colour little better than brass. The very severe tests that have been applied to our metal (which in all cases it has withstood), at once places it pre-eminent above all others, and from its silver-like appearance, its intrinsic and valuable properties, give us confidence in asserting that it is, and must remain, the ONLY PURE AND PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

	Fiddle Pattern.
Table-spoons and Forks, per dozen	12s. and 15s.
Dessert ditto and ditto	10s. and 13s.
Tea ditto	5s. and 6s.
	King's and Victoria Pattern.
Strongest Fiddle.	19s.
	28s.
	16s.
	21s.
	8s.
	11s.

Cruet Frames with rich Cut Glasses, from 22s.

Table Candlesticks, 12s. per pair.

Tea-sets, and every article for the Table, at proportionate prices.

R. and J. S. beg to caution the public against several spurious imitations of their Articles, which are daily offered to the public as Albata British Plate. The genuine are to be had only at their Establishment, 336 STRAND, opposite Somerset House, where no inferior goods are kept.

FENDERS, FIRE-IRONS, &c.

RICHARD and JOHN SLACK are now offering the most extensive and elegant assortment of Fenders in London, embracing the newest designs, at prices 30 per cent under any other house. Ornamental Iron Fenders, 3 feet long, 4s. 6d.; 3 feet 6 inches, 5s. 3d.; 4 feet, 6s.; ditto, bronzed, from 6s.; Bedroom Fenders, from 2s. 6d.; rich Scroll Fenders, with Steel Spear, any size, from 10s. Chamber Fire-Irons, 1s. 9d. per set; Parlour ditto, 3s. 6d.; superior ditto, with cut head and bright pans, from 6s. 6d.; new patterns, with bronzed head, 11s.; ditto, with ormolu and China heads, at proportionate prices.

BALANCE IVORY TABLE-KNIVES, 10s. per dozen; Dessert do. 9s.; Carvers, 3s. 6d. per pair. White bone Table-knives, 6s.; Dessert ditto, 4s.; Carvers, 2s. per pair. Superior Kitchen Table-knives and Forks, from 6s. 6d. per dozen. Table-knives, with pure Nickel Silver, Tables, 22s. per dozen; Dessert ditto, 18s.; Carvers, 6s. 6d. per pair, all marked RICHARD and JOHN SLACK, and warranted.

A SET OF THREE FULL-SIZED TEA-TRAYS, 6s. 6d.; superior Japan Gothic ditto, 13s. 6d.; Gothic paper ditto, 33s. Patent Dish Covers, set of six for 17s. Roasting Jack, complete, 7s. 6d.; Brass ditto, 9s. 6d. Coal Scuttles, from 1s. 6d.; and every description of Furnishing Ironmongery 30 per cent under any other house.

SHOWER-BATHS, WITH CURTAINS, &c.

RICHARD and JOHN SLACK, in submitting the above prices, beg it to be understood, it is for articles of the best quality only.

The extensive patronage their establishment has received during a period of nearly thirty years (1818), will be some proof the public have not been deceived; but as a further guarantee, they will continue to exchange any article not approved of, or return the money, it being their intention to sell only such articles as will do them credit, and give satisfaction by their durability.

Richard and John Slack, 336 Strand, Opposite Somerset House.

* * Their Illustrated Catalogue may be had gratis, or sent to any part post free.

ESTABLISHED 1818.

The Money returned for every Article not approved of.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of the Trade, a Central Office for the publication of the RAMBLER has been opened at No. 19 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, where Advertisements are received by Mr. S. EYRE until 12 o'clock on Thursday in every week.

Printed by George Levey, of Number 4 De Crespigny Terrace, Denmark Hill, in the County of Surrey, Printer, Charles Robson, of Number 56 Liverpool Street, King's Cross, in the County of Middlesex, Printer, and Francis Burdett Franklin, of Number 2 Claremont Square, Pentonville, in the County of Middlesex, Printer, at their Printing Office, Great New Street, Potter Law, in the Parish of Saint Bride, in the City of London; and published by James Burns, of Number 17 Portman Street, Portman Square, in the Parish of Saint Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex; Publisher, on Saturday, July 15, 1848. Sold also by Jones, Paternoster Row; and by all Booksellers and News-agents.